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IN
MEMORIAM

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IN MEMORIAM



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TORONTO





ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

IN MEMORIAM

BY

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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"TALE OF TWO CITIES"

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NO. 1

TO
MY MOTHER
AND
THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER
THIS EDITION
OF
TENNYSON'S GREAT PHILOSOPHICAL POEM
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

J. W. P.

large as this. The editor has tried to find the golden mean between too much explanation and too little.

In this day when the study of Greek and Latin seems to be receding into the background, it has seemed necessary to explain every classical allusion, and to translate every passage taken from the languages used by Homer and Virgil. So, too, an apposite quotation or two from the German and the Italian have been put into English.

Probably all will agree that *In Memoriam* is the noblest poem of its kind written in the nineteenth century, if not in any century. For this reason it has been deeply studied by a number of close critics on both sides of the Atlantic, so that an adequate edition could now hardly be produced without incorporating something already brought forward by others than him whose name appears as the editor. At all events, this volume could hardly be what it is if its editor had not been able to draw upon the stores of previous investigators. General acknowledgment must therefore be made here of general indebtedness to the labors of predecessors; specific acknowledgments will be found in their proper places.

My thanks are due to Miss Minnie M. Bell and Messrs. Henry M. Gill and William Beer, Librarians, respectively, of the Tulane University, the Carnegie, and the Howard Libraries, for valuable assistance; to my wife,

whose greater familiarity with the Sacred Writings has been of much service to me in tracing Biblical allusions; and especially to Mr. Gilbert Cosulich, formerly a student under my instruction, later a fellow-teacher in the Boys' High School, whose keen literary insight and unselfish generosity gave me a number of important suggestions.

J. W. PEARCE.

BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, NEW ORLEANS,
July, 1911.

INTRODUCTION

Biographical Sketch of the Poet. The first four children of the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, Rector of Somersby, with the year of their birth, were George (1806, died in infancy), Frederick (1807), Charles (1808), and Alfred (August 6th, 1809); after these came eight others, four sons and four daughters. It may be mentioned here that Charles later took the name Turner, according to the terms of the will of a granduncle, Samuel Turner, and was afterward known as Charles Tennyson Turner. Of the younger children, this volume is concerned only with two of the daughters, Emilia, or Emily (1811), and Cecilia (1817). The mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche, of Louth. The parentage of the poet is important, for the son of a clergyman and a clergyman's daughter is likely to be surrounded, from the beginning, by an atmosphere of culture and refinement. Dr. Tennyson was a very intellectual and scholarly man, whose vocation elevated him to high planes of thought, and whose avocations tended distinctly toward the artistic; so that he is described

as "a man of very various talents, something of a poet, a painter, an architect, and a musician." The poet's mother was the inspiration of the poem *Isabel*, and Alfred's friend, Edward Fitzgerald, describes her as "one of the most innocent and tender-hearted ladies I ever saw."

At the age of seven, Alfred was sent to a grammar school at Louth, conducted by "the Rev. J. Waite, a tempestuous, flogging master of the old stamp." The harshness of the master and the cruelty of the boys made life bitter for the lad here; and many years afterward he exclaimed, "How I did hate that school! The only good I ever got from it was the memory of the words *sonus desilientis aquæ* ["the sound of water dancing down"] and of an old wall covered with wild weeds opposite the school windows." In 1820 he returned from Louth to Somersby, where he continued his studies under his father's direction.

Tennyson was born a poet. "Before I could read," he says, "I was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out, 'I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind,' and the words 'far, far away' had always a strange charm for me." When he was about eight years old, at the request of his brother Charles, he covered both sides of his slate with a blank verse poem on flowers, in imitation of Thomson, "the only poet I knew."

At the age of ten or eleven, he "wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines" in the style of Pope's translation of the *Iliad*; and not much later he produced "an epic of six thousand lines à la Walter Scott." At fourteen he wrote a drama in blank verse. Most of these first efforts were destroyed, but the *Memoir* contains a few interesting fragments, one of which, *The Coach of Death*, seems to show distinctly the influence of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. It seems that he was early familiar with the poetry of "Ossian," Milton, Byron, Milman, Moore, Crabbe, and Coleridge. Tennyson himself, later in life, speaks with humility of these youthful flights, but his enthusiastic father exclaimed: "If Alfred die, one of our greatest poets will have gone." His grandfather, however, was not so sanguine. When Alfred, at the request of the latter, had written a poem on his grandmother's death, the old gentleman gave him half a guinea with the remark, "Here is half a guinea for you, the first you have ever earned by poetry, and, take my word for it, the last."

In 1827 Charles and Alfred published *Poems by Two Brothers*, containing one hundred and two pieces, four of which were written by their elder brother, Frederick. They received for the work £17 in cash, and books to the value of £3. The volume attracted little attention at the time, but the copyright was afterward sold for

£230, and the manuscript, found many years later, brought £430.

In February, 1828, Charles and Alfred entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Here Frederick was in his second year of residence, and had already won the University medal for a Greek ode on the Pyramids. The young men were very lonely at first. "I am sitting," Alfred writes, "owl-like and solitary in my rooms (nothing between me and the stars but a stratum of tiles). The hoof of the steed, the roll of the wheel, the shouts of drunken Gown and drunken Town come up to me from below with a sea-like murmur." Soon, however, he became one of a circle of friends that have been characterized as "A rare body of men such as this University has seldom contained." Among these were Richard Chevenix Trench, afterward Dean of Westminster, Archbishop of Dublin, poet and philologist; Richard Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton), poet and statesman; Charles Merivale, afterward Dean of Ely, and one of the most important historians of the reign of Victoria; Henry Alford, afterward Dean of Canterbury, scholar, poet, and prose writer of considerable note; and others who became famous in later life. Arthur Henry Hallam, whose early death inspired *In Memoriam*, was one of this noble group.

In 1829, at his father's request, Tennyson became a competitor for the Chancellor's medal for the best poem by an undergraduate in any college of the University, the subject assigned being *Timbuctoo*. Taking one of his unpublished pieces, *The Battle of Armageddon*, he rewrote the beginning and the end, adapting it to the present purpose, and was astonished to win the prize. Professor Hugh Walker regards *Timbuctoo* as "above the ordinary prize-poem level, but not in itself remarkable:" and his estimate seems just. The next year, 1830, Tennyson put forth a volume entitled *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, for which he received the insignificant sum of £11. In this thin book first appeared the well-known *Mariana*, *Recollections of the Arabian Nights*, *The Dying Swan*, *Love and Death*, and *The Ballad of Oriana*. Of the many criticisms, favorable or unfavorable, of this volume, the following, by Professor John Wilson ("Christopher North"), is interesting and prophetic: "I have good hopes of Alfred Tennyson. . . . I should not be surprised to see him yet a sky-soarer. His *Golden Days of Good Haroun Alraschid* are extremely beautiful. There is feeling and fancy in his *Oriana*. He has a fine ear for melody and harmony, too, and rare and rich glimpses of imagination. He has—genius." Admitting that Tennyson was sometimes affected, Wil-

son continues: "But I admire Alfred, and hope—nay trust—that one day he will prove himself a poet. If he do not—then am I no prophet." But Wilson's best known criticism of Tennyson's work is by no means so favorable as these extracts from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*.

The young poet soon became a member of the little band known as "The Apostles," a society of Cambridge undergraduates devoted to their own intellectual development. To be elected a member of this body "was virtually to receive a certificate from some of your cleverest contemporaries that they regarded you likely to be in future an eminent man." Tennyson took little formal part in the discussions of the "Apostles" (see note to LXXXVII. vi. 1). He wrote but a single paper for them, one upon the subject of Ghosts, and he was too diffident to read it to the assembly. Only a few of the opening lines, interesting in connection with some parts of *In Memoriam*, have survived. They may be found as an appendix in the *Memoir*.

The Rev. Dr. Tennyson died March 16th, 1831, and Alfred, who had been summoned home a month earlier, was unable to return to Cambridge. Some arrangement was made with Mr. Robinson, Dr. Tennyson's successor, by which the family continued to occupy the house at Somersby till 1837. The year after his father's death,

Tennyson published another volume (dated 1833) entitled simply *Poems*. Among other pieces that became at once favorites, it contained *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Miller's Daughter*, *Ænone*, *The Palace of Art*, *The May Queen*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, and *A Dream of Fair Women*. This volume was variously received by the critics. The *Quarterly Review* printed a savagely sneering criticism, probably written by John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, but Hallam wrote: "I hear that a question is put up at the Cambridge Union, 'Tennyson or Milton, which the greater poet?'" Tennyson was so sensitive to the attacks upon his work that he seriously thought of leaving home, as Byron and Shelley had done, and passing the rest of his life in France or Italy. Before any definite plans were formulated, however, a great shock came to him, in the latter part of the year 1833, in the death of Hallam, his bosom friend and his sister's accepted lover. The poet was silent now for ten years, but they were years of severe training and deep pondering; and they resulted in rich fruit,—the volumes of 1842, containing some of his greatest poetry: *The Epic, Morte D'Arthur*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Dora*, *The Talking Oak*, *Locksley Hall*, *The Two Voices*, *The Day-Dream*, etc. These volumes were far more favorably received than were their predecessors. Even Wordsworth, none too

prone to praise a contemporary of his own craft, said that Tennyson was "decidedly the first of our living poets," and to Tennyson direct he said: "Mr. Tennyson, I have been trying all my life to write a pastoral like your *Dora*, and have not succeeded." Four editions of the new volumes were issued in four years. The long battle had been won, and for just half a century from this time Tennyson was to be the dominant factor in English poetry.

Tennyson's love-story must not be omitted, for it formed a great part of his life, and probably had a very great influence, direct and indirect, upon the character of his work. At Horncastle, six miles from Somersby, dwelt Henry Sellwood, a solicitor, with his three daughters, Emily, Anne, and Louisa. In the spring of 1830 the Sellwoods drove over to call upon the Tennysons. Arthur Hallam was also visiting there, and he and Emily Sellwood, a seventeen-year-old girl, strolling through the wood, came suddenly upon Alfred, who, it seems, had never seen the girl before. Struck with her beauty, he exclaimed, "Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?" Six years later, Charles Tennyson married Louisa, the youngest of the Sellwood sisters, and Alfred took Emily as a bridesmaid into the church. They were soon afterward practically, though not formally, engaged, but Alfred's poverty forbade all present thoughts of mar-

riage; and in 1840, as his prospects had not improved, all correspondence between the two was prohibited. Tennyson's letters during this period frequently contain references to his lack of money, and he was forced, in 1835, to sell his Cambridge medal.

In 1842, a Dr. Allen projected a wood-carving establishment, and "The Patent Decorative Carving and Sculpture Company" was formed. Probably with the hope of breaking the shackles of poverty forever, Tennyson, who had recently sold a small estate, and had also inherited £500 from an aunt of Arthur Hallam, invested all his little means in the enterprise. Unfortunately, however, the concern failed utterly, and the poet was so deeply affected by this catastrophe that for a time his life hung by a thread. "Then followed a season of real hardship," Hallam Tennyson says, "and many trials for my father and mother, since marriage seemed to be further off than ever." The lovers were faithful, however, through all this time. They were married June 13th, 1850, at the Shiplake vicarage, by the Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, who was an old friend of Tennyson, and whose wife was a first cousin of Emily Sellwood. The bride was registered as "Emily Sarah Sellwood, of East Bourne in the County of Sussex," and the groom as "Alfred Tennyson, of Lincoln's Inn Fields." Their married life

was exceedingly happy, and the poet many years afterward said, "The peace of God came into my life before the altar when I wedded her."

There can be no doubt that his trend of thought was powerfully influenced by long pondering over the problems of life, caused by his continuously straitened circumstances; and there can be no doubt, too, that he was greatly influenced by brooding over his long-delayed conjugal felicity, the long waiting for the wife that might never be his. It might not be difficult to find evidences of these influences in his poetry.

In 1845, after persistent efforts by Henry Hallam, Thomas Carlyle, and others, Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, granted to Tennyson an annual pension of £200.

Upon the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, the Poet Laureateship was offered to Samuel Rogers, who declined it because of his great age—he had reached his eighty-seventh year. It was then, in November, 1850, offered to Tennyson, chiefly because of the great admiration of Prince Albert (later the Prince Consort) for the recently published *In Memoriam*. After some deliberation, Tennyson accepted the post.

In 1873 the queen expressed a wish to make Tennyson a baronet, but after considering the proposal for about a

week, he declined the elevation. The offer was repeated late in the next year, and was again declined. Ten years later, Mr. Gladstone persuaded him to accept a Peerage, and in the language of the patent of nobility, as quoted by Gatty, he became "First Baron Tennyson, of Aldworth, in the County of Sussex."

In 1853 he had gone to live upon a rented estate called Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. The place pleased him so well that, three years later, he bought it with the proceeds of the poem *Maud*. In June, 1867, he bought Black Horse Copse, near Haslemere, in Surrey, changed the name to Aldworth, and built a residence there. At these two places he passed most of the rest of his life. He died at Aldworth, October 6th, 1892, clasping Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* in his hand. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, next to Browning, and in front of Chaucer's monument.

Among the most important of his works not thus far mentioned are: *The Princess* (1847); *In Memoriam* (1850); *Maud* (1855); *The Idylls of the King* (1859: only four parts published at this time; the cycle of twelve poems was really completed by the publication of *Balin and Balan* in the *Tiresias* volume, 1885); *Queen Mary* (drama, 1875); *Harold* (drama, 1876); and *Becket* (drama, 1884).

Some Personal Qualities. From his earliest years Tennyson was shy and reserved in the presence of strangers. When he found that tourists sought him out at Farringford, and waylaid him where his private walk crossed the public road, he outwitted inquisitive impertinence by erecting a tall bridge as a part of his own path where it intersected the highway, and strode rapidly across the latter, but above the head of the unwelcome visitor who was waiting to accost him below. Strangers upon formal, ceremonial occasions he disliked quite as much as strangers who thrust themselves upon his privacy. On his voyage to Denmark with Gladstone and others, in 1883, the party stopped at Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, where the Town Council and Magistrates conferred "the freedom of the burgh" upon the poet and the Prime Minister. A speech was necessary to acknowledge the honor; probably two speeches would have pleased the townsmen far better; but Gladstone had to make the reply for both. On another occasion, much earlier in the poet's life, the Duchess of Argyll was arranging to give a "breakfast" to "an excellent selection of friends" in London, apparently made up chiefly of literary men. Though Tennyson was upon terms of intimacy with the duke and the duchess, and was often at their house, they hesitated to ask him to join the party. Fi-

nally the lady laid the matter before him, asking whether he could "be persuaded" to be one of the company. His "reply left no room for further negotiations. It was simple and effective. 'I should hate it, Duchess.'"

Yet he was very companionable with his friends in an informal way, and his "fumitory," as he called his "den" at Farringford, from the amount of tobacco-smoking done there, was the scene of many a prolonged discussion with many of England's greatest men in the nineteenth century, among them Tyndall, Darwin, Huxley, Lecky, F. D. Maurice, and Charles Kingsley.

His conception of life and its duties, the relation of men and women to one another, and the whole fabric of human society, was plain, simple, and severe. He scorned all pretence and insincerity of every kind. "Take this; it is your God," he said to a young lady who had told him of what she styled "a penniless wedding"; and at the same time he handed her a penny. As to man's treatment of woman, he said, "I would pluck my hand from a man, even if he were my greatest hero or dearest friend, if he wronged a woman or told her a lie."

To those below him in station he was kindness personified. When he was raised to the Peerage, it is said that he was more pleased at the congratulations of Susan

Epton, old and blind, formerly a servant of his mother, than at similar good wishes of "great lords and ladies," and he sent a very sympathetic letter about this time to "an old blind Sheffield blacksmith," who had sent him some "pretty verses." So he wrote to others in the world of toil. He even invited to Farringford a mechanic who had read much of his poetry and had discussed it with friends; and the two strolled over the estate together, smoked many pipes together, discussed the poet's works, and especially *Maud*, the Laureate explaining such passages as had puzzled his companion.

He was a friend to the lower forms of life. Rabbits and other wild animals ran free and undisturbed over the lawn at Farringford. He allowed neither traps nor guns to be used on his estate, and "even moles and vermin were spared until their depredations became too serious to be endured." In 1877 his son Lionel gave him a setter, "Dear old Don," at Aldworth; and "it suddenly struck my father at midnight," Hallam Tennyson says, "that the new dog might feel hungry and lonely, so he went down-stairs and stole a chicken for the dog. Great was the discomfiture in the kitchen next morning as to what had become of the chicken."

No man can write poetry like Tennyson's unless he have a heart like Tennyson's.

Arthur Henry Hallam, whose death furnished the immediate inspiration of *In Memoriam*, was the son of Henry Hallam, one of the great historians of the early nineteenth century. He was born February 1st, 1811, and was therefore nearly eighteen months younger than Tennyson. Though his father was an Oxford man, young Hallam, after a preparatory course at Eton, chose to study at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he and Tennyson formed an intimate friendship, lasting till Hallam's death, about five years later. At Cambridge, as at Eton, he distinguished himself by his intellectual gifts, being one of the most prominent of the "Apostles," and a competitor with Tennyson for the Chancellor's medal for a poem on Timbuctoo. Even thus early he had a wide knowledge of English, French, and Italian literature; and he had already shown promise of grace and force as a writer of both prose and verse. During his undergraduate days he projected a translation of Dante's *Vita Nuova*, had done much in German and Spanish literature, and was preparing to take up "the Florentine historians and the mediæval schoolmen."

Visiting Tennyson's home during his college days, Hallam became engaged to the poet's second sister, Emilia (or Emily). He took his degree at Cambridge in January, 1832, went with Tennyson in July for a tour on

the Rhine, and in October of the same year began the study of law in the Inner Temple, London. In August of the next year the two Hallams, father and son, began a short tour of the continent. On the way from Buda-Pesth to Vienna they encountered wet weather, which brought upon Arthur an attack of intermittent fever. He was recovering from this, when death came suddenly to him on September 15th, 1833. Mr. Hallam, returning from a walk, found Arthur apparently asleep on a couch at their rooms, but examination showed that "a blood-vessel near the brain had suddenly burst: it was not sleep but death." His remains went by sea from Trieste to Dover, thence by land across the island, and were buried, January 3d, 1834, under the manor aisle of the parish church of Clevedon, in Somersetshire. Upon the wall hangs a tablet with this inscription, composed by his father:—

TO
THE MEMORY OF
ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM
ELDEST SON OF HENRY HALLAM ESQUIRE
AND OF JULIA MARIA HIS WIFE
DAUGHTER OF SIR ABRAHAM ELTON BARONET
OF CLEVEDON COURT

WHO WAS SNATCHED AWAY BY SUDDEN DEATH
AT VIENNA ON SEPTEMBER 15TH 1833
IN THE TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF HIS AGE
AND NOW IN THIS OBSCURE AND SOLITARY CHURCH
REPOSE THE MORTAL REMAINS OF
ONE TOO EARLY LOST FOR PUBLIC FAME
BUT ALREADY CONSPICUOUS AMONG HIS CONTEMPORARIES
FOR THE BRIGHTNESS OF HIS GENIUS
THE DEPTH OF HIS UNDERSTANDING
THE NOBLENES OF HIS DISPOSITION
THE FERVOUR OF HIS PIETY
AND THE PURITY OF HIS LIFE
VALE DULCISIME
VALE DILECTISSIME DESIDERATISSIME
REQUIESCAS IN PACE
PATER AC MATER HIC POSTHAC REQUIESCAMUS TECUM
USQUE AD TUBAM

[Farewell, sweetest one! Farewell, dearest one, most loved one! May you rest in peace! May we, your father and mother, later, rest here with you till the trumpet blows.]

All contemporary accounts agree in attributing to Hallam remarkable qualities of mind and soul. Wordsworth, at the age of about sixty, listened to him with rapt attention as he declaimed in the chapel of Trinity College. Richard Monckton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton) wrote: "We are deprived, not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor . . . and of the example of one who was as much before us in everything else as he is now in the way of life." Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's, and author of an important history of Greece, though fourteen years older than Hallam, wrote of him while at Cambridge: "He is the only man here of my own standing before whom I bow in conscious inferiority in everything." Dean Alford writes: "Hallam was a man of wonderful mind and knowledge on all subjects, hardly credible at his age. . . . I long ago set him down for the most wonderful person I ever knew." In 1879 Gladstone says: "The writer of this paper was, more than half a century ago, in a condition to say:—

‘I marked him

As a far Alp; and loved to watch the sunrise
Dawn on his ample brow.’

It would be easy to show what, in the varied forms of human excellence, he might, had life been granted him,

have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and to say, 'This he never could have done.'" In 1898, the same writer takes up the subject again: "It is the simple truth that Arthur Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. . . . In this world there is one unfailing test of the highest excellence. It is that the man should be felt to be greater than his works. And in the case of Arthur Hallam, all that knew him knew that the work was transcended by the man." It is not strange, then, to find Tennyson himself saying: "Arthur Hallam could take in the most abstruse ideas with the utmost rapidity and insight, and had a marvellous power of work and thought, and a wide range of knowledge:" and again that "he was as near perfection as mortal man could be."

The Stanza-Form. *In Memoriam* is written in what is technically known as an iambic tetrameter stanza of four lines, riming *abba*: that is, the normal line contains eight syllables, with the accent on the second, fourth, sixth, and eighth; the first line rimes with the fourth, the second with the third. Much has been said about the peculiar appropriateness of this stanza-form for such a poem; and, for many of the sections of *In Memoriam*,

there can be no doubt that it is, perhaps, the best that could be devised. It is essentially a lyric stanza, admirably suited to the music of exquisite thoughts gracefully expressed. The lines are neither so long as easily to give an air of solemnity or severity, nor so short as easily to suggest frivolity or levity; and the finer sensibilities of the sympathetic reader seem, in the less elevated sections, spontaneously to feel the lightness suggested by the rapid rime of the second and third lines, while, in the more solemn passages, the slower, delayed rime of the first and fourth lines, with similar spontaneity, seems to become prominent, giving greater dignity to the movement. In the latter case, also, the uniform, measured length of the line seems distinctly to add to the impression of sedateness. However this may be, it is certain that Tennyson, the great master of those psychic effects, that suggestiveness that is inherent in melody, has been able to vary the sound-effect of the separate sections so as to make each one capable of carrying its peculiar kind of contents, and of producing its peculiar kind of impression.

If he had carefully planned * the poem as a whole, however, it is easy to imagine that he might have selected for the more elevated sections some more stately form, such as blank verse or the Spenserian stanza, reserving

* See page xxxvii.

the iambic tetrameter quatrains for the lighter and more lyric parts. It seems a real triumph of poetic art that he has succeeded so well in putting into one metrical form so many and so various moods as are found in the poem. Saintsbury says: "It is probable that if a well-instructed critic had been asked beforehand what would be the effect of this [the stanza-form actually used] employed with a certain monotone of temper and subject in a book of three thousand lines or so, he would have shaken his head and hinted that the substantive would probably justify the adjective and the monotone become monotonous. And if he had been really a deacon in his craft he would have added, 'But to a poet there is nothing impossible.' The difficulty was no impossibility to Tennyson. He has not only, in the rather more than six score poems of this wonderful book, adjusted his medium to a wide range of subjects, all themselves adjusted to the general theme, but he has achieved that poetic miracle, the communication to the same metre and to no very different scheme of phrase of an infinite variety of interior movement."

As to the history of the stanza-form, Collins points out that it "is commonly employed by the French poets of the fifteenth century, and Puttenham (1589) includes it in his scheme of metres." Moreover, independently of

this, the instinct of many English poets, from the Elizabethan period down, had been persistently seeking this form of verse. Stanzas more or less closely approximating it, — some iambic, some trochaic, with various differences in length of line, — are found in many of the earlier poets, and groups of four lines of the exact form used in the *In Memoriam* stanza may often be found embedded in larger groups in the poetry of Scott and Byron. Bradley, however, gives a considerable list of writers who have used the exact form found in *In Memoriam*. To these may be added: —

(1) A song in Dryden's *Spanish Friar*, I. i, containing two stanzas, the first of which is in the exact form used by Tennyson;

(2) A single stanza in *An Ode . . . William Duke of Devonshire*, by John Hughes (1677–1720);

(3) A translation by the same John Hughes of De la Motte's *Dialogue de l'Amour et de Poète*, the French original as well as the English version being in the stanza-form of *In Memoriam*.

Tennyson, however, seems to have known of none of these. His words are positive: “. . . as for the metre of *In Memoriam*, I had no notion till 1880 that Lord Herbert of Cherbury had written his occasional verses in

the same metre. I believed myself the originator of the metre, until after *In Memoriam* came out, when some one told me that Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney had used it." — *Memoir*, I. 305–306. Yet, strangely enough, in a letter to James Spedding, dated February 15th, 1835, Tennyson quotes a stanza in the exact form used in *In Memoriam*, and adds "I forget where I read this." — *Memoir*, I. 143–144.

The Structure of In Memoriam. The composition of *In Memoriam* began soon after Hallam's death, and it seems tolerably clear that sections IX, XXX, XXXI, LXXXV (perhaps all but the first stanza of this was afterward rewritten), and XXVIII, were the first composed, and in the order given. Other sections were added from time to time, and the dates of some of these will be found in the Notes. Tennyson says that he had no intention of weaving these together into one work until he had accumulated a considerable number of separate pieces; then, in his own language, ". . . if there were a blank space, I would put in a poem." This explanation will account alike for the general unity of the completed work, and for whatever lack of unity may be found in places in passing from section to section.

The poet on one occasion divided the work into nine parts: I to VIII; IX to XX; XXI to XXVII; XXVIII

to XLIX; L to LVIII; LIX to LXXI; LXXII to XCVIII; XCIX to CIII; CIV to CXXXI. On another occasion he divided it into four parts: I to XXVII; XXVIII to LXXVII; LXXVIII to CIII; CIV to CXXXI. If the seventh division of the first of these sets be cut in two after LXXVII, the two methods may be combined, as follows:—

CYCLE I—SECTIONS I TO XXVII

- Group 1.—Sections I to VIII Profound grief and feeling of personal loss.
- Group 2.—Sections IX to XX Reflections while awaiting the arrival of Arthur's "loved remains." The burial.
- Group 3.—Sections XXI to XXVII The brightness of the past, and the dreariness of the present and the future.

CYCLE II—SECTIONS XXVIII TO LXXVII

- Group 1.—Sections XXVIII to XLIX Thoughts of the risen Christ carry the poet's reflections to the resurrection and the life beyond.
- Group 2.—Sections L to LVIII Deep gloom, with scarcely a ray of hope.
- Group 3.—Sections LIX to LXXI The present relation of the poet and his friend.

- Group 4. — Sections LXXII to LXXVII . . The transitoriness of human life and human fame.

CYCLE III — SECTIONS LXXVIII to CIII

- Group 1. — Sections LXXVIII to XCVIII . With time and pondering and pleasant memories, the poet's mood becomes quieter.
- Group 2. — Sections XCIX to CIII The recurrence of Arthur's death-day, and the departure from Somersby, suggest the passage to the next world.

CYCLE IV — SECTIONS CIV to CXXXI

- One group only. The poet has passed through his night of gloom, love is triumphant, and faith is strong.

The Meaning of *In Memoriam*. — The poem is primarily a prolonged dirge commemorating the life and virtues of the departed Hallam, and voicing the poet's grief at the death of the friend. However the singer's attention may be diverted by the changes of external Nature, by the advent of the seasons in their turn, by stormy day or peaceful evening, by religion or philosophy, there is always a sense of grief, or, at least, of sadness, having its root deep in the consciousness that the companion

whom he had loved supremely is gone forever from earth, and that they can "communicate no more." It is the story of a soul stunned by a tremendous loss, and struggling to find the meaning of a universe in which such losses can occur. His sorrow rises and falls, "eddies round and round," passes through all the phases of doubt and despair, until he gradually reaches "the firmer mind," "the larger hope," an abiding confidence in "That God which ever lives and loves." Such is, in a word, the meaning of the poem as a whole; but the thoughtful reader will note the changes which mark the development. There are several threads to follow. At first the poet dwells on a low spiritual plane. He longs for Arthur in the flesh: he wants to clasp his hand, to look upon him, to talk with him (VII, XIV). He himself feels that he is not on a very high plane, perhaps not much higher than the linnet which mourns over a lost one (XXI); but his thoughts gradually take a higher range, and his desire for fleshly association with his friend is refined into a yearning for spiritual communion with him. At first, too, his grief is thoroughly selfish; his thoughts rest upon no misfortune which Arthur has suffered in passing out of the world so early, nor upon any calamity which the world has sustained because of Arthur's early departure: he thinks only of his own

great loss. Along with these there is a sense of loneliness, of isolation; for his love for Arthur was so great as to overshadow all other loves — “unto me no second friend” (VI).

These feelings are entirely natural, entirely human; but as the poet broods over these thoughts, other considerations steal little by little into his mind. His very love for his friend, unfortunate as its event seems to be, begins to take on a distinct value of its own; unlike the linnet’s it is an uplifting, an ennobling influence (XXVI, XXVII); it occurs to him that Arthur may still think of the friend left behind (XXXVIII); this thought recurs, but now it is less dimly defined (LXIII, LXIV), and it may even be possible that the poet’s love is still a stimulus to Arthur in new activities (LXV); and it needs only a slight progression for him to look forward to renewed association with the departed in the World Beyond (CXVI). Parallel with this progression there comes to him a faint suggestion that peace may be obtained (LXXXVI); nay, more, he later perceives that even upon earth, “under human skies,” he may get an actual good out of his sorrow (CVIII).

At the same time he learns to view Arthur’s death less selfishly; that sad event was not only a disaster to the poet, but there springs up a shadowy hint that it was

possibly a catastrophe to the world at large (LXXV); this faint suggestion grows more definite (LXXXIV, CXIII, CXIV. vii). Moreover, the poet realizes, after all, that he can love another than Arthur (LXXIX); that, indeed, his affection can reach out even to a third person (LXXXV); and after a time he feels it possible to have friends among humanity at large (CVIII. i).

During all this, and suggested by the celebration of Christmas, there creeps into his mind the most important suggestion of all, that of the immortality of the soul (XXX), a thought that recurs again and again (XXXIV, XXXVIII, XL, XLIII, LV, etc.). So, also, it dawns upon the poet that, however aimless the operations of Nature may seem, there may be, nevertheless, divine plans that govern the universe, even to such insignificant details as a worm or a moth (LIV); in a trance he gets a glimpse of these plans (XCV); he realizes that there is a Power that rules (XCVI); he finds that Power (CXXIV), and he feels that "all is well" (CXXVI, CXXVII). Perhaps it is best to repeat that, as hinted above, none of these progressions, perhaps, are quite directly forward; that would hardly be good psychology, and it would hardly be good poetry. For relapses, see XXXIX, XLIX, LVI, LXXXIV. xii, XCV. xi, etc. Tennyson sometimes called the poem *The Way of*

the Soul, and the title was by no means inappropriate.

Thus considered, however, the work was personal, intensely personal; but its value to the rest of the world lies in the fact that its symbolism and its lessons apply, in greater or less degree, to all mankind. Tennyson is simply a type of humanity in general, and his sorrow that something had gone out of his life, his gropings in the gloom, his conflicts with doubt, his slow and painful emergence into light, and his final triumph are, or, at least, may be, symbolical of the development of every human soul.

Characteristics of Tennyson's Poetry. Tennyson took very great pains with his work, earnestly endeavoring to make it the very best of which he was capable. He was his own severest critic. Many poems were burnt almost as soon as written, because they did not sufficiently please the poet's exacting taste, and many others were rejected because of slight defects, such as most poets would have ignored. Nor did his corrections cease with publication, for a comparison of first editions with later ones shows many changes in the interest of greater clearness or of greater polish of phrase.

His observation of Nature was extremely exact, no detail escaping his eye. Few poets have painted land-

scape as truly to Nature as he; and probably he will long remain the most faithful depicter of distinctively English scenery. With sure selection he seizes upon the essential element of description in cloud, tree, rock, or stream, and the reader receives a more profound impression from suggestion than from the explicit meaning of the words employed. In a way peculiarly his own he idealizes the natural objects which form the background of his poems, and breathes into them an almost sentient spirit which speaks to the spirit of the reader in tones of dim and vague, but yet powerful, suggestiveness. He does not simply paint scenes so as to bring them before the eye: he first selects scenes that have a real, though dimly defined, meaning in connection with the undertone of his thoughts during the description. Perhaps this may be easier to appreciate if we consider a specific example:—

“Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,
A hand that can be clasp'd no more.”

— *In Memoriam*, VII. i-ii.

The words “Dark house” may suggest that Hallam’s life has been darkened by Death; “the long unlovely street” (in the darkness of the “earliest morning”) may

be a symbol of the "long unlovely" life which the poet sees before him in the darkness of futurity; the third and fourth lines may hint that it is useless now to wait; and the fifth line may symbolize the fact that Hallam's friendship (of which the clasping of hands is the token) is a thing of the past. These symbolisms are easy to point out and easy to appreciate; but Tennyson's scenery is often, very often, characterized by suggestions of this kind that may not be pointed out. Some of them are too delicately exquisite to endure even a breath of explanation: they may be shattered with a touch. Each reader must find them for himself, and feel them for himself.

There is in much of Tennyson's poetry an undefined but still pervasive feeling which ranges from peaceful quietness through all the gradations of soberness, earnestness, seriousness, sadness, mournfulness, solemnity, and austerity. This may possibly be attributed, in some degree at least, to a fusion of two elements: first, his innately high and pure conception of life and its meaning; and, second, his reflections upon life as he saw it about him. See also page xxiv. Whatever the cause, however, this touch is felt, and is so dominant in some of his poems — *The May-Queen*, for example — that it would be difficult after reading but the first stanza to imagine a joyful conclusion for the story. This air is

noticeable even in the *Epilogue to In Memoriam*, of which the poet himself said, "It was intended to be a kind of *Divina Commedia*, ending with happiness"; for after the twenty-seventh stanza he relapses into a mood of elevated reflection, with which he concludes the poem.

One of the most important of Tennyson's characteristics was his sensitiveness to sound-effect. Few poets ever excelled him in this. In common with many others he made great use of what is plainly and distinctly onomatopœia. Thus, any one can hear the moaning of doves and the buzzing of bees in the oft-quoted lines:—

"The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

— *The Princess*, VII. 206-207.

the whinnying of a horse in

". . . the gray mare
Is ill to live with when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery . . ."

— *The Princess*, V. 441-443.

the labored breathing of a tired horse in the second of the following lines:—

"But after sod and shingle ceased to fly
Behind her, and the heart of her good horse
Was nigh to burst with violence . . ."

— *Gareth and Lynette*, 742-744.

and the uproar of an old-time hand-to-hand conflict is finely reproduced in the following sounds: —

“Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail hewn
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battle-axes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks . . .”

— *The Passing of Arthur*, 108–110.

So he has everywhere, with rare intuition, been able to select and weave together words which are full of poetic meaning and suggestiveness, and whose sounds, considered merely for musical value, add sensibly to the effect, though, in most cases, it would be difficult, or impossible, to point out just how this is done. It is no wonder that an aged Japanese poet, not understanding the words of *In Memoriam* as it was read aloud to him, yet felt the effect, for “the music spoke to him . . . the music talked in a tongue that could not be mistaken.” — *Memoir*, II. 405. Essentially lyric in his instincts, Tennyson generally avoids harsh sounds, and prefers the soft, the sweet, the plaintive. He especially disliked sibilants. Quoting Pope's

“What dire offence from amorous causes springs”

he exclaimed, “Horrible! I would rather die than write such a line” (*Memoir*, II. 286); again, “What a bad,

hissing line is that in the poem [of William Collins] on the death of Thomson: —

“The year’s best sweets shall duteous rise”;

and, once more, “I’d almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two *s*’s come together.” This avoidance of the harsh, and preference for the musical, is finely illustrated in his selection of names: *Isabel, Mariana, Dora, Annie Lee*, etc. Sometimes he plays upon one or two vowels: —

“*Airy, fairy Lillian,*
 Flitting, fairy Lillian,
When I ask her if she love me
Claps her tiny hands above me,
 Laughing all she can;
She’ll not tell me if she love me,
 Cruel little Lillian.”

His music sometimes rises to organ-like grandeur: it is more frequently the music of the violin, but the violin in the hands of a master.

Tennyson, finally, was thoroughly in sympathy with all that was best in his period and among his countrymen. His age was one of inquiry and progress, of challenge to the old and of search for better things, — in the material sciences, in philosophy, in religion, in civic and social advancement; and wherever the most aggressive thinkers led, there he tried to follow. He was an industrious,

though not a very systematic, student of the present as well as of the past, and his recluse-like habits made it easy for him to wander into many fields of thought. What he acquired on these forays he distilled in his inner consciousness, and some considerable tincture of questions of the day often appears in his poetry. This is plainly seen in the *Princess*, which has for its theme a problem that is seldom at peace,—the problem of woman in her relation to the rest of the world and its concerns. His attainments in matters of science, as evidenced by parts of *In Memoriam*, excited the admiration of one of the greatest scientists of modern times, Thomas H. Huxley. He even essayed to peer into the future of the mechanic arts, beholding a more perfect development of aërial navigation than has yet been attained:—

“Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales :
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain’d a ghastly
dew
From the nations’ airy navies grappling in the central blue.”
— *Locksley Hall*, 121-124.

So he forecast the Hague Peace Conference, and perhaps a little more, when he wrote of

“ . . . the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.”
— *Ibid.*, 128.

The Question of Plagiarism. In common with some others of Tennyson's works, *In Memoriam*, in a large number of passages, shows a very remarkable likeness to other poems, in phraseology, or in thought, or in both. These correspondences have led to the charge of plagiarism, and the matter has been much discussed. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* (article reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, June 9th, 1906) quotes Robert Browning as saying that "to accuse Tennyson of plagiarism is to accuse the Rothschilds of picking pockets." Morton Luce (pp. 49-52) presents the case strongly against Tennyson, and Bradley (pp. 70-75), after discussing the question with some thoroughness, reaches the conclusion that the poet "was sometimes unconsciously indebted to his predecessors."

It might be mentioned, too, that Addison, long before, in the *Spectator*, No. 74, suggests that "the same kind of poetical genius, the same copyings after nature" might lead two poets to express themselves alike; and that Dr. Johnson, in the *Rambler*, No. 143, and again in the *Adventurer*, No. 95, in a general consideration of plagiarism, presents practically the same views as Addison. Tennyson himself touches upon the matter; see *Memoir*, I. 465 n.; II. 385.

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IN MEMORIAM A. H. H.

OBIIT° MDCCCXXXIII

i

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,°
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,°
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,°
Believing where we cannot prove°;

ii

Thine are these orbs of light and shade°;
Thou madest Life in man and brute°;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.°

iii

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust°:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die°;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

iv

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.°

v

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be° :
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

vi

We have but faith : we cannot know° ;
For knowledge is of things we see° ;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

vii

Let knowledge grow from more to more,°
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,°

viii

But vaster. We are fools and slight°;
We mock thee when we do not fear :
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light

ix

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me°;
What seem'd my worth since I began ;
For merit lives from man to man,°
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

x

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee,° and there
I find him worthier to be loved.°

xi

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth°;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.°

I

i

[Cycle I,
Group 1.
See Intro-
duction,
page xxxvii.]

I HELD it truth,° with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,°
That men may rise on stepping-stones°
Of their dead selves° to higher things.

ii

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears°?

iii

Let Love clasp Grief° lest both be drown'd,
Let darkness keep her raven gloss°:
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,°

iv

Than that the victor Hours° should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
“Behold the man that loved and lost,°
But all he was is overworn.”

II

i

OLD Yew, which graspest at the stones°
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,°
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.

ii

The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.°

iii

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:

iv

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.°

III

i

O SORROW, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?

ii

"The stars," she whispers, "blindly run;
A web is wov'n across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun:

iii

"And all the phantom, Nature, stands —
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own, —
A hollow form with empty hands."

iv

And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV

i

To Sleep I give my powers away ;
My will is bondsman to the dark ;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say :

ii

O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should'st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
“ What is it makes me beat so low ? ”

iii

Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost° !

iv

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken'd eyes° ;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
“ Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.”

V

i

I SOMETIMES hold it half a sin
 To put in words the grief I feel°;
 For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.

ii

But,* for the unquiet heart and brain,
 A use in measured language lies;
 The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.°

iii

In words, like weeds,° I'll wrap me o'er,
 Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
 But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.°

VI

i

ONE writes, that "Other friends remain,"
 That, "Loss is common to the race" —
 And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.°

ii

That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more :
Too common ! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.

iii

O father, whereso'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son ;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

iv

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, — while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.°

v

Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well ;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought ;

vi

Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, "here to-day,"
Or "here to-morrow will he come."

vii

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair°;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

viii

For now her father's chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking "this will please him best,"
She takes a riband or a rose°;

ix

For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;

x

And, even when she turn'd, the curse
 Had fallen, and her future Lord
 Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

xi

O what to her shall be the end ?
 And what to me remains of good ?
 To her, perpetual maidenhood,^o
And unto me no second friend.^o

VII

i

DARK house, by which once more I stand
 Here in the long unlovely street,^o
 Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly,^o waiting for a hand,

ii

A hand that can be clasp'd no more^o —
 Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
 And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

iii

He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.°

VIII

i

A HAPPY lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who 'lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home°;

ii

He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight°:

iii

So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.

iv

Yet as that other, wandering there
In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster'd up with care;

v

So seems it in my deep regret,
O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy°
Which little cared for fades not yet.

vi

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,
I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die.

IX

i

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore°
Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

[Cycle I,
Group 2.
See Intro-
duction,
page xxxvii.]

ii

So draw him home to those that mourn
In vain ; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead,
Thro' prosperous floods, his holy urn.

iii

All night no ruder° air perplex
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor,° bright
As our pure love, thro' early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

iv

Sphere all your lights around, above ;
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow ;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love ;

v

My Arthur, whom I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race° be run ;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.°

X

i

I HEAR the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night:
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.

ii

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,
And travell'd men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

iii

So bring him: we have idle dreams:
This look of quiet flatters thus
Our home-bred fancies: O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

iv

To rest beneath the clover sod,
That takes the sunshine and the rains,
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;

v

Than if with thee the roaring wells
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine ;
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,
Should toss with tangle° and with shells.

XI

i

CALM is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground° :

ii

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze,
And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold :

iii

Calm and still light on yon great plain
That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
And crowded farms and lessening° towers,
To mingle with the bounding main° :

iv

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
 These leaves that redden° to the fall ;
 And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair° :

v

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
 And waves that sway themselves in rest,
 And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

XII

i

Lo, as a dove when up she springs
 To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,
 Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings ;

ii

Like her I go ; I cannot stay ;
 I leave this mortal ark° behind,
 A weight of nerves without a mind,°
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

iii

O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,
And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,

iv

And saying: "Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?"
And circle moaning in the air:
"Is this the end? Is this the end?"

v

And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body° sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.°

XIII

i

TEARS of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these°;

ii

Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and
closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.

iii

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.

iv

Come Time, and teach me, many years,^o
I do not suffer in a dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears^o;

v

My fancies time to rise on wing,^o
And glance about the approaching sails,
As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV

i

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch'd the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,^o
And found thee lying in the port;

ii

And standing, muffled round with woe,^o
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know;

iii

And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home;

iv

And I should tell him all my pain,
And how my life had droop'd of late,
And he should sorrow o'er my state
And marvel what possess'd my brain;

v

And I perceived no touch of change,
No hint of death in all his frame,
But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV

i

TO-NIGHT the winds begin to rise
And roar from yonder dropping day :
The last red leaf ° is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies ;

ii

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd, °
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world ° :

iii

And but for fancies, which aver
That all thy motions gently pass
Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

iv

That makes the barren branches loud ;
And but for fear it is not so,^o
The wild unrest^o that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

v

That rises upward always higher,
And onward drags a labouring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.^o

XVI

i

WHAT words are these^o have fall'n from me ?
Can calm despair^o and wild unrest^o
Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be ?

ii

Or doth she only seem to take
The touch of change in calm or storm ;
But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake

iii

That holds the shadow of a lark
Hung in the shadow of a heaven°?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark

iv

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunn'd me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself;

v

And made me that delirious man
Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII

i

THOU comest, much wept for: such a breeze
Compell'd thy canvas,° and my prayer
Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

ii

For I in spirit saw thee move
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,^o
Week after week : the days go by :
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

iii

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,
My blessing, like a line of light,^o
Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.

iv

So may whatever tempest mars
Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark ;
And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.^o

v

So kind an office hath been done,
Such precious relics brought by thee ;
The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow'd race^o be run.

XVIII

i

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand
Where he in English earth is laid,
And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.°

ii

'Tis little; but it looks in truth
As if the quiet bones were blest
Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.

iii

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
And come, whatever loves to weep,°
And hear the ritual of the dead.

iv

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,
I, falling on his faithful heart,
Would breathing thro' his lips impart°
The life that almost dies in me;

v

That dies not, but endures with pain,
And slowly forms the firmer mind,°
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.°

XIX

i

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darken'd heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

ii

There twice a day the Severn fills;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

iii

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,
When fill'd with tears that cannot fall,°
I brim with sorrow drowning song.°

iv

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls ;
My deeper° anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

XX

i

THE lesser griefs that may be said,
That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;

ii

Who speak their feeling as it is,
And weep the fulness from the mind:
“It will be hard,” they say, “to find
Another service such as this.”

iii

My lighter moods are like to these,
That out of words a comfort win ;
But there are other griefs within,°
And tears that at their fountain freeze° ;

iv

For by the hearth the children sit
 Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
 And scarce endure to draw the breath,
 Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

v

But open converse is there none,
 So much the vital spirits sink
 To see the vacant chair, and think,
 "How good ! how kind ! and he is gone.°"

XXI

i

[Cycle I, I SING to him that rests below,
 Group 3. And, since the grasses round me wave,
 See Intro- I take the grasses of the grave,
 duction, And make them pipes whereon to blow.°
 page xxxvii.]

ii

The traveller hears me now and then,
 And sometimes harshly will he speak :
 "This fellow would make weakness weak,
 And melt the waxen hearts of men."

iii

Another answers, "Let him be,
He loves to make parade of pain,
That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy."

iv

A third is wroth: "Is this an hour
For private sorrow's barren song,
When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?"

v

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon°?"

vi

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:

vii

And one is glad ; her note is gay,
For now her little ones have ranged° ;
And one is sad ; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXII

i

THE path° by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow :

ii

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
And, crown'd with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May :

iii

But where the path we walk'd began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man° ;

iv

Who broke our fair companionship,
And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,°

v

And bore thee where I could not see
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,
And think, that somewhere in the waste
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII

i

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,
Or breaking into song by fits,
Alone, alone,° to where he sits,
The shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

ii

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,°
I wander, often falling lame,
And looking back to whence I came,
Or on to where the pathway leads ;

iii

And crying, How changed from where it ran
 Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb;
 But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:

iv

When each by turns was guide to each,
 And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
 And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech°;

v

And all we met was fair and good,°
 And all was good that Time could bring,
 And all the secret of the Spring
Moved in the chambers of the blood°;

vi

And many an old philosophy
 On Argive heights divinely sang,°
 And round us all the thicket rang
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV

i

AND was the day of my delight
As pure and perfect as I say ?
The very source and fount of Day
Is dash'd° with wandering isles of night.°

ii

If all was good and fair we met,°
This earth had been the Paradise
It never look'd to human eyes
Since our first Sun arose and set.

iii

And is it that the haze of grief
Makes former gladness loom so great° ?
The lowness of the present state,
That sets the past in this relief ?

iv

Or that the past will always win
A glory from its being far ;
An orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein° ?

XXV

i

I KNOW that this was Life, — the track
Whereon with equal feet° we fared;
And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

ii

But this it was that made me move
As light as carrier-birds in air;
I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

iii

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
When mighty Love would cleave in twain
The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.°

XXVI

i

STILL onward winds the dreary way;
I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
Whatever fickle tongues may say.

ii

And if that eye which watches guilt
And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder'd tree,
And towers fall'n as soon as built —

iii

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
Or see (in Him is no before°)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,

iv

Then might I find, ere yet the morn
Breaks hither over Indian seas,
That Shadow waiting with the keys,°
To shroud me from my proper scorn.°

XXVII

i

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,°
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

ii

I envy not the beast that takes
 His license in the field of time,
 Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
 To whom a conscience never wakes ;

iii

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
 The heart that never plighted troth
 But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
 Nor any want-begotten rest.

iv

I hold it true,° whate'er befall ;
 I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.°

XXVIII

i

[Cycle II,
 Group 1.
 See Intro-
 duction,
 page xxxvii.] THE time draws near the birth of Christ :
 The moon is hid ; the night is still° ;
 The Christmas bells° from hill to hill
 Answer each other in the mist.

ii

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound :

iii

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill,^o to all mankind.

iv

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again^o :

v

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXIX

i

With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve ;

ii

Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night°
With shower'd largess of delight
In dance and song and game and jest ?

iii

Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house° ;

iv

Old sisters of a day gone by,°
Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time ? They too will die.°

XXX

i

WITH trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,^o
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.^o

ii

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gambol'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one_mute Shadow^o watching all.

iii

We paused: the winds were in the beech:
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent looking each at each.

iv

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang^o:

v

We ceased : a gentler feeling crept
Upon us : surely rest is meet :
“They rest,” we said, “their sleep is sweet.
And silence follow’d, and we wept.

vi

Our voices took a higher range° ;
Once more we sang : “They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change ;

vii

“Rapt° from the fickle and the frail
With gather’d power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.”

viii

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night :
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

XXXI

i

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house return'd,
Was this demanded — if he yearn'd
To hear her weeping by his grave?

ii

“Where wert thou, brother, those four days?”
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

iii

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown'd
The purple brows of Olivet.

iv

Behold a man raised up by Christ °!
The rest remaineth unreveal'd °;
He told it not; or something seal'd
The lips of that Evangelist. °

XXXII

i

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,^o
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.

ii

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life^o indeed.

iii

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.^o

iv

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII

i

O THOU that after toil and storm
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,°
 Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

ii

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
 Her early Heaven, her happy views ;
 Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.°

iii

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,
 Her hands are quicker unto good :
 Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine !

iv

See thou, that countest reason ripe
 In holding by the law within,
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev'n for want of such a type.

XXXIV

i

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,^o
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is;

ii

This round of green, this orb of flame,
Fantastic beauty; such as lurks
In some wild Poet, when he works
Without a conscience or an aim.

iii

What then were God to such as I?
'Twere hardly worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience ere I die;

iv

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,^o
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head-foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV

i

YET if some voice that man could trust
Should murmur from the narrow house,^o
“The cheeks drop in ; the body bows ;
Man dies : nor is there hope in dust :”

ii

Might I not say ? “ Yet even here,
But for one hour, O Love, I strive
To keep so sweet a thing alive : ”
But I should turn mine ears and hear

iii

The moanings of the homeless sea,
The sound of streams that swift or slow^o
Draw down Æonian^o hills, and sow
The dust of continents to be ;

iv

And Love would answer with a sigh,
“ The sound of that forgetful shore
Will change my sweetness more and more,
Half-dead to know that I shall die.”

v

O me, what profits it to put
 An idle case? If Death were seen
 At first as Death, Love had not been,^o
Or been in narrowest working shut,

vi

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
 Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
 Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.

XXXVI

i

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,
 Deep-seated in our mystic frame,^o
 We yield all blessing to the name
Of Him that made them current coin;

ii

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
 Where truth in closest words shall fail,
 When truth embodied in a tale^o
Shall enter in at lowly doors.

iii

And so the Word° had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought°;

iv

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,°
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII

i

URANIA° speaks with darken'd brow:
"Thou pratest here where thou art least;
This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler° voice than thou.

ii

"Go down beside thy native rill,
On thy Parnassus° set thy feet,
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
About the ledges of the hill."

iii

And my Melpomene^o replies,
A touch of shame upon her cheek :
“I am not worthy ev’n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries ;

iv

“For I am but an earthly Muse,^o
And owning but a little art
To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues ;

v

“But brooding on the dear one dead,
And all he said of things divine,
(And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said),

vi

“I murmur’d, as I came along,
Of comfort clasp’d in truth reveal’d ;
And loiter’d in the master’s field,^o
And darken’d sanctities with song.^o”

XXXVIII

i

WITH weary steps I loiter on,
 Tho' always under alter'd skies
 The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.

ii

No joy the blowing season gives,
 The herald melodies of spring,
 But in the songs I love to sing°
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

iii

If any care for what is here°
 Survive in spirits render'd free,°
 Then are these songs I sing of thee°
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX

i

OLD warder of these buried bones,
 And answering now my random stroke
 With fruitful cloud and living smoke,°
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones°

ii

And dippest toward the dreamless head,
To thee too comes the golden hour°
When flower is feeling after flower ;
But Sorrow — fixt upon the dead,

iii

And darkening the dark graves of men, —
What whisper'd from her lying lips°?
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.

XL

i

COULD we forget the widow'd° hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower !

ii

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes° ;

iii

And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother's face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love°;

iv

Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit°
The generations each with each;

v

And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.

vi

Ay me, the difference I discern°!
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,

vii

And tell them all they would have told,
And bring her babe, and make her boast,
Till even those that miss'd her most
Shall count new things as dear as old:

viii

But thou and I have shaken hands,^o
Till growing winters lay me low;
My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover'd lands.^o

XLI

i

THY spirit ere our fatal loss^o
Did ever rise from high to higher;
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

ii

But thou art turn'd to something strange,^o
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.

iii

Deep folly ! yet that this could be —
That I could wing my will with might
To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash° at once, my friend, to thee.

iv

For tho' my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death ;
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields°;

v

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
An inner trouble I behold,
A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more,°

vi

Tho' following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,
Thro' all the secular to-be,°
But evermore a life behind.°

XLII

i

I vex my heart with fancies dim :
 He still° outstript me in the race ;
 It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

ii

And so may Place retain us still,
 And he the much-beloved again,
 A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will :

iii

And what delights can equal those
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
 When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows ?

XLIII

i

If Sleep and Death be truly one,°
 And every spirit's folded bloom
 Thro' all its intervital° gloom
In some long trance should slumber on ;

ii

Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower :

iii

So then were nothing lost to man ;
So that still garden of the souls°
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began ;

iv

And love will last as pure and whole°
As when he loved me here in 'Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV

i

How fares it with the happy dead ?
For here the man is more and more° ;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

ii

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash,° a mystic hint ;

iii

And in the long harmonious years°
(If Death so taste Lethean springs),
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging° with thy peers.°

iv

If such a dreamy touch should fall,
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt°;
My guardian angel° will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLV

i

THE baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is prest
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that "this is I :"

ii

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

iii

So rounds he to a separate mind°
From whence clear memory may begin,
As thro' the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.

iv

This use may lie in blood and breath,°
Which else were fruitless of their due,
Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

XLVI

i

WE ranging down this lower track,°
The path° we came by, thorn and flower,
Is shadow'd by the growing hour,°
Lest life should fail in looking back.

ii

So be it: there no shade can last°
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge° shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past ;

iii

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd ;
The fruitful hours of still increase ;
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.

iv

O Love, thy province were not large,°
A bounded field, nor stretching far ;
Look also, Love, a brooding star,°
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

XLVII

i

THAT each, who seems a separate whole,°
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,

ii

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:

iii

And we shall sit at endless feast,
Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit° the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

iv

Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,°
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
“Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.”

XLVIII

i

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
Were taken to be such as closed
Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn:

ii

Her care is not to part and prove;
 She takes, when harsher moods remit,^o
 What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love^o:

iii

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
 But better serves a wholesome law,
 And holds it sin and shame to draw^o
The deepest measure from the chords:

iv

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
 But rather loosens from the lip
 Short swallow-flights of song, that dip^o
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX

i

FROM art, from nature, from the schools,
 Let random influences glance,
 Like light in many a shiver'd lance
That breaks about the dappled pools:

ii

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,
The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.°

iii

And look thy look, and go thy way,
But blame not thou the winds that make
The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencil'd shadow play.

iv

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears.

L

i

BE near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves
prick°
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

[Cycle II,
Group 2.
See Intro-
duction,
page xxxvii.]

ii

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.

iii

Be near me when my faith is dry,^o
And men the flies of latter spring,^o
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

iv

Be near me when I fade away,^o
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI

i

Do we indeed desire the dead
Should still be near us at our side?
Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?

ii

Shall he for whose applause I strove,
I had such reverence for his blame,
See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen'd in his love ?

iii

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :
Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?
There must be wisdom with great Death :
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

iv

Be near us when we climb or fall :
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

LII

i

I CANNOT love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved ;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

ii

“Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,”
The Spirit of true love replied ;
“Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

iii

“What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears ?
What record ? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue° :

iv

“So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash’d° with flecks of sin.
Abide : thy wealth is gather’d in,
When Time hath sunder’d shell from pearl.”°

LIII

i

How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green :

ii

And dare we to this fancy give,^o
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

iii

Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?

iv

Hold thou the good^o: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy^o
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.

LIV

i

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,^o
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

ii

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

iii

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

iv

Behold, we know not anything°;
I can but trust that good shall fall°
At last — far off — at last, to all,°
And every winter change to spring.

v

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night°:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.°

LV

i

THE wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives° it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul°?

ii

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type° she seems,
So careless of the single life;

iii

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

iv

I falter where I firmly trod,°
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

v

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,^o
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.^o

LVI

i

“ So careful of the type ? ” but no.^o
From scarp^oed cliff and quarried stone
She cries, “ A thousand types are gone^o :
I care for nothing, all shall go.

ii

“ Thou makest thine appeal to me :
I bring to life, I bring to death :
The spirit does but mean the breath^o :
I know no more.” And he, shall he,

iii

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,^o
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

iv

Who trusted God was love indeed
And love Creation's final law —
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine,^o shriek'd against his creed —

v

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

vi

No more? A monster^o then, a dream,
A discord.^o Dragons of the prime,^o
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him.

vii

O life as futile, then, as frail!
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVII-

i

PEACE; come away : the song of woe
Is after all an earthly song :
Peace; come away ; we do him wrong
To sing so wildly : let us go.

ii

Come ; let us go : your cheeks are pale;
But half my life° I leave behind :
Methinks my friend is richly shrined ;
But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

iii

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,°
One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look'd with human eyes.

iv

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,°
Eternal greetings to the dead ;
And " Ave, Ave, Ave,"° said,
" Adieu, adieu " for evermore.

LVIII

i

IN those sad words° I took farewell:
 Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
 As drop by drop the water falls
 In vaults and catacombs, they fell;

ii

And, falling, idly broke the peace
 Of hearts that beat from day to day,
 Half-conscious of their dying clay,
 And those cold crypts where they shall cease.

iii

The high Muse° answer'd: "Wherefore grieve
 Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
 Abide a little longer here,
 And thou shalt take a nobler leave."°

LIX

i

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me°	[Cycle II,
No casual mistress, but a wife,	Group 3.
My bosom-friend and half of life;	See Intro-
As I confess it needs must be;	duction,
	page xxxvii.]

ii

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,^o
 Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
 And put thy harsher moods aside,^o
If thou wilt have me wise and good.

iii

My centred passion cannot move,
 Nor will it lessen from to-day;
 But I'll have leave at times to play
As with the creature of my love;

iv

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
 With so much hope for years to come,
 That, howsoe'er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX

i

HE past; a soul of nobler tone:
 My spirit loved and loves him yet,
 Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.

ii

He mixing with his proper sphere,
She finds the baseness of her lot,
Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.

iii

The little village looks forlorn ;
She sighs amid her narrow days,
Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.

iv

The foolish neighbours come and go,
And tease her till the day draws by :
At night she weeps, "How vain am I !
How should he love a thing so low ?"

LXI

i

If, in thy second state sublime,
Thy ransom'd reason^o change replies
With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time^o.

ii

And if thou cast thine eyes below,^o
How dimly character'd and slight,^o
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow!

iii

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
Where thy first form was made a man;
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.^o

LXII

i

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast^o
Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past;

ii

And thou, as one that once declined,^o
When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind;

iii

And breathes a novel world, the while
His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.

LXIII

i

YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part,^o
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven ;

ii

And I am so much more than these,
As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.

iii

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,
As, unto vaster motions bound,
The circuits of thine orbit round
A higher height, a deeper deep.

LXIV

i

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green ;

ii

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star° ;

iii

Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,°
To mould a mighty state's decrees,°
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

iv

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,°
The centre of a world's desire ;

v

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
 When all his active powers are still,
 A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

vi

The limit of his narrower fate,
 While yet beside its vocal springs
 He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

vii

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
 And reaps the labour of his hands,
 Or in the furrow musing stands ;
“Does my old friend remember me ?”

LXV

i

SWEET soul, do with me as thou wilt;
 I lull a fancy trouble-tost
 With “Love's too precious to be lost,”
A little grain shall not be spilt.”

ii

And in that solace can I sing,^o
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing :

iii

Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

LXVI

i

You thought my heart too far diseased^o;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.

ii

The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost;

iii

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand :

iv

He plays with threads,° he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky ;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

LXVII

i

WHEN on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,°
There comes a glory on the walls ;

ii

Thy marble bright in dark appears,
As slowly steals a silver flame
Along the letters of thy name,
And o'er the number of thy years.

iii

The mystic glory swims away ;
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;
And closing eaves of wearied eyes°
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

iv

And then I know the mist is drawn
A lucid veil from coast to coast,
And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

LXVIII

i

WHEN in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my
breath ;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not
Death,°
Nor can I dream of thee as dead :

ii

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,°
When all our path was fresh with dew,°
And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

iii

But what is this ? I turn about,^o
I find a trouble in thine eye,
Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt^o :

iv

But ere the lark hath left the lea
I wake, and I discern the truth ;
It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

LXIX

i

I DREAM'D there would be Spring no more,
That Nature's ancient power was lost :
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter'd trifles at the door :

ii

I wander'd from the noisy town,
I found a wood with thorny boughs :
I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown :

iii

I met with scoffs, I met with scorn^o
 From youth and babe and hoary hairs :
 They call'd me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns :

iv

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :
 I found an angel of the night^o ;
 The voice was low, the look was bright ;
He look'd upon my crown and smiled :

v

He reach'd the glory of a hand,
 That seem'd to touch it into leaf :
 The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand.

LXX

i

I CANNOT see the features right,
 When on the gloom I strive to paint
 The face I know ; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night ;

ii

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and palled° shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;

iii

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
And shoals of pucker'd faces drive;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;

iv

Till all at once beyond the will
I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro' a lattice° on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXI

i

SLEEP, kinsman thou to death and trance°
And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro' summer France.

ii

Hadst thou such credit° with the soul ?
 Then bring an opiate trebly strong,
 Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong°
 That so my pleasure may be whole ;

iii

While now we talk as once we talk'd
 Of men and minds, the dust of change,
 The days that grow to something strange,
 In walking as of old we walk'd

iv

Beside the river's wooded reach,
 The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
 The cataract flashing from the bridge,
 The breaker breaking on the beach.°

LXXII

i

[Cycle II, RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,°
 Group 4. And howlest, issuing out of night,
 See Intro- With blasts that blow the poplar white,°
 duction, And lash with storm the streaming pane ?
 page xxxvii.]

ii

Day, when my crown'd estate° begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken'd every living bloom,
And blurr'd the splendour of the sun ;

iii

Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the rose
Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower ;

iv

Who might'st have heaved a windless flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering, play'd
A chequer-work of beam and shade
Along the hills, yet look'd the same.

v

As wan, as chill, as wild as now ;
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro' time,
And cancell'd° nature's best : but thou,

vi

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

vii

And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day ;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII

i

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true ?

ii

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath :
I curse not nature, no, nor death ;
For nothing is that errs from law.°

iii

We pass ; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds :
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age ? It rests with God.°

iv

O hollow wraith of dying fame,°
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV

i

As sometimes in a dead man's face,°
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out — to some one of his race :

ii

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,°
I see thee what thou art,° and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

iii

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV

i

I LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd
In verse that brings myself relief,^o
And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd ;

ii

What practice howsoe'er expert
In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give^o thee as thou wert ?

iii

I care not in these fading days .
To raise a cry that lasts not long,^o
And round thee with the breeze of song^o
To stir a little dust of praise.

iv

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,
And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.

v

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;
But somewhere, out of human view,
Whate'er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI

i

TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,^o
And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of space
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end^o ;

ii

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'
The secular abyss^o to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew ;

iii

And if the matin songs,^o that woke^o
The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

iv

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;
And what are they when these remain .
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?

LXXVII

i

WHAT hope is here for modern rhyme
To him, who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshorten'd^o in the tract of time ?

ii

These mortal lullabies of pain^o
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden's locks ;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

iii

A man upon a stall may find,
 And, passing, turn the page that tells
 A grief, then changed to something else,
 Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

iv

But what of that? My darken'd ways
 Shall ring with music all the same°;
 To breathe my loss is more than fame,
 To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII

i

AGAIN at Christmas did we weave	[Cycle III,
The holly round the Christmas hearth°;	Group 1.
The silent snow possess'd the earth,	See Intro-
And calmly° fell our Christmas-eve:	duction,
	page xxxvii.]

ii

The yule-clog° sparkled keen with frost,
 No wing of wind the region° swept,
 But over all things brooding slept
 The quiet sense of something lost.

iii

As in the winters left behind,
 Again our ancient games° had place,
 The mimic picture's breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

iv

Who show'd a token of distress?
 No single tear, no mark of pain:
 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

v

O last regret, regret can die°!
 No — mixt with all this mystic frame,°
 Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.

LXXIX

i

“MORE than my brothers are to me,”° —
 Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
 I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.°

ii

But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature's mint °;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.

iii

For us the same cold streamlet° curl'd
Thro' all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.

iv

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,
One lesson from one book° we learn'd,
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd
To black and brown on kindred brows.

v

And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX

i

IF any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes ;

ii

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay'd in peace with God and man.

iii

I make a picture in the brain ;
I hear the sentence that he speaks ;
He bears the burthen of the weeks
But turns his burthen into gain.

iv

His credit° thus shall set me free ;
And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

LXXXI

i

COULD I have said while he was here,
 “My love shall now no further range ;
 There cannot come a mellow change,
For now is love mature in ear.”

ii

Love, then, had hope of richer store :
 What end is here to my complaint ?
 This haunting whisper makes me faint,
“ More years had made me love thee more.”

iii

But Death returns an answer sweet :
 “ My sudden frost was sudden gain,
 And gave all ripeness to the grain,
It might have drawn from after-heat.”

LXXXII

i

I WAGE not any feud with Death
 For changes wrought on form and face ;
 No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.°

ii

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state° the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter'd stalks,
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.°

iii

Nor blame I Death, because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth :
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

iv

For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners° in my heart ;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.°

LXXXIII

i

DIP down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new-year delaying long ;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;
Delaying long, delay no more.

ii

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

iii

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dash'd° with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.°

iv

O thou, new-year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.°

LXXXIV

i

WHEN I contemplate° all alone
The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown;

ii

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,
 A central warmth diffusing bliss
 In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood;

iii

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;
 For now the day was drawing on,
 When thou should'st link thy life with one
Of mine own house,^o and boys of thine

iv

Had babbled "Uncle" on my knee;
 But that remorseless iron hour
 Made cypress of her orange flower,^o
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.

v

I seem to meet their least desire,
 To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.
 I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.

vi

I see myself an honour'd guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;

vii

While now thy prosperous labour fills
The lips of men with honest praise,
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills

viii

With promise of a morn as fair;
And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair;

ix

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,^o
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe;

x

What time mine own might also flee,
As link'd with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,

xi

Arrive° at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.

xii

What reed was that on which I leant?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness° again, and break
The low beginnings of content.°

LXXXV

i

THIS truth came borne with bier and pall,
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,°
Than never to have loved at all —

ii

O true in word, and tried in deed,^o
Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead ;

iii

And whether trust in things above
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd ;
And whether love for him have drain'd
My capabilities of love ;

iv

Your words have virtue such as draws
A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro' light reproaches, half exprest
And loyal unto kindly laws.

v

My blood an even tenor kept,^o
Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.^o

vi

The great Intelligences fair°
That range° above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;

vii

And led him thro' the blissful climes,
And show'd him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.

viii

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,
Whose life, whose thoughts were little
worth,
To wander on a darken'd earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.°

ix

O friendship, equal-poised control,°
O heart, with kindest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned° soul!

x

Yet none could better know than I,
How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.

xi

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in my own,
The footsteps of his life in mine ;

xii

A life that all the Muses deck'd
With gifts of grace, that might express
All-comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect :

xiii

And so my passion hath not swerved
To works of weakness, but I find
An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.

xiv

Likewise the imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,
Diffused the shock thro' all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.

xv

My pulses therefore beat again
For other friends that once I met°;
Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.°

xvi

I woo your love: I count it crime
To mourn for any overmuch;
I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time°;

xvii

Which masters Time indeed, and is
Eternal, separate from fears:
The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this:

xviii

But Summer on the steaming floods,
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,

xix

And every pulse of wind and wave
Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave:

xx

My old affection of the tomb,
A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
"Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.

xxi

"I watch thee from the quiet shore;
Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more." °

xxii

And I, "Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free°?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?"°

xxiii

And lightly does the whisper fall;
" 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all."°

xxiv

So hold I commerce with the dead°;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.

xxv

Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;

xxvi

If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands, aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.

xxvii

For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours°?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.

xxviii

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,

xxix

My heart, tho' widow'd,° may not rest
Quiet in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.

xxx

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,^o
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI

i

SWEET after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare^o

ii

The round of space, and rapt below
Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,
And shadowing down the horned^o flood
In ripples, fan^o my brows and blow

iii

The fever from my cheek, and sigh
The full new life that feeds thy breath
Throughout my frame, till Doubt and
Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

iv

From belt to belt of crimson seas
On leagues of odour streaming far,
To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."

LXXXVII

i

I PAST beside the reverend walls°
In which of old I wore the gown ;
I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls ;

ii

And heard once more in college fanes°
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes ;

iii

And caught once more the distant shout,
The measured pulse of racing oars
Among the willows ; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about

iv

The same gray flats again, and felt
The same, but not the same; and last
Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

v

Another name was on the door :
I linger'd; all within was noise
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor °;

vi

Where once we held debate, a band°
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;

vii

When one would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

viii

And last the master-bowman, he,
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear °
The rapt oration flowing free

ix

From point to point, with power and grace
 And music in the bounds of law,
 To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face, °

x

And seem to lift the form, and glow
 In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;
 And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo. °

LXXXVIII

i

WILD bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quicks, °
 O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet, °

ii

Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,°
And in the midmost heart of grief °
Thy passion clasps a secret joy :

iii

And I — my harp would prelude woe —
I cannot all° command the strings ;
The glory of the sum of things°
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX

i

WITCH-ELMS that counterchange the floor°
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright ;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

ii

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town :

iii

He brought an eye for all he saw ;
He mixt in all our simple sports ;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusty purlieus of the law.

iv

O joy to him in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro' the heat :

v

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

vi

O bliss, when all in circle drawn .
About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets° on the lawn :

vii

Or in the all-golden afternoon
 A guest, or happy sister,^o sung,
 Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon:

viii

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
 Beyond the bounding hill^o to stray,
 And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;

ix

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
 Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
 Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream;

x

But if I praised the busy town,
 He loved to rail against it still,^o
 For "ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other's angles down,

xi

“And merge” he said “in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man.”
We talk’d: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch’d in moss,

xii

Or cool’d within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star°
Had fall’n into her father’s grave,°

xiii

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC

i

HE tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind;

. ° ii

That could the dead, whose dying eyes°
 Were closed with wail, resume their life,
 They would but find in child and wife°
An iron welcome when they rise :

iii

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
 To pledge them with a kindly tear,
 To talk them o'er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine ;

iv

But if they came who past away,
 Behold their brides in other hands ;
 The hard heir strides about their lands,°
And will not yield them for a day.

v

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,
 Not less the yet-loved sire would make
 Confusion worse than death,° and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.

vi

Ah dear, but come^o thou back to me :

Whatever change the years have wrought,

I find not yet one lonely thought

That cries against my wish for thee.

XCI

i

WHEN rosy plumelets tuft the larch,^o

And rarely^o pipes the mounted thrush ;

Or underneath the barren bush

Flits by the sea-blue bird of March^o ;

ii

Come, wear the form by which I know

Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;

The hope of unaccomplish'd years

Be large and lucid round thy brow.

iii

When summer's hourly-mellowing change

May breathe, with many roses sweet,

Upon the thousand waves of wheat,

That ripple round the lonely grange ;

iv

Come : not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.°

XCII

i

If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain ;
Yet tho' it spake and made appeal

ii

To chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring° the past.

iii

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year
And tho' the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning° true,

iv

They° might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events°
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII

i

I SHALL not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay°?

ii

No visual shade of some one lost,°
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb°;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

iii

O, therefore from thy sightless° range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,

iv

Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV

i

How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

ii

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except,^o like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

iii

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:

iv

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

XCV

i

By night we linger'd on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o'er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;

ii

And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:

iii

And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes°
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

iv

While now we sang old songs that peal'd
From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at ease,°
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.°

v

But when those others, one by one,°
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

vi

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fall'n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead :

vii

And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke

viii

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell°
On doubts that drive the coward back,°
And keen thro' wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

ix

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touch'd me from the past,
And all at once it seem'd at last
The living soul was flash'd on mine,°

x

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is,° and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,

xi

Æonian music measuring out
The steps of Time — the shocks of Chance —
The blows of Death. At length my trance°
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

xii

Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
In matter-moulded forms of speech,
Or ev'n for intellect to reach
Thro' memory that which I became :

xiii

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd°
The knolls once more where, couch'd at ease,°
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field :

xiv

And suck'd from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble o'er
The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

xv

And gathering freshlier° overhead,
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said

xvi

“The dawn, the dawn,” and died away°;
And East and West, without a breath,
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI

i

You say, but with no touch of scorn,
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.°

ii

I know not: one indeed I knew°
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:

iii

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,°
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

iv

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,^o
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them : thus he came at length

v

To find a stronger faith his own ;
And Power was with him in the night,^o
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,

vi

But in the darkness and the cloud,^o
As over Sinai's peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold.
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII

i

My love^o has talk'd with rocks and trees ;
He finds on misty mountain-ground^o
His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;
He sees himself in all he sees.

ii

Two partners of a married life —
I look'd on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.

iii

These two — they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.

iv

Their love has never past away ;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate'er the faithless people say.

v

Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.

vi

He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
 He reads the secret of the star,°
 He seems so near and yet so far,°
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

vii

She keeps the gift of years before,
 A wither'd violet is her bliss :
 She knows not what his greatness is,
For that, for all, she loves him more.

viii

For him she plays, to him she sings
 Of early faith and plighted vows ;
 She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.

ix

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,
 She darkly feels him great and wise,°
 She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
“ I cannot understand : I love.° ”

XCVIII

i

You leave us : you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail'd below,
When I was there with him° ; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine

ii

To where he breathed his latest breath,°
That City. All her splendour seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

iii

Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me :
I have not seen, I will not see°
Vienna ; rather dream that there,

iv

A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal ; friend from friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants

v

Gnarr° at the heels of men, and prey
By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
Her shadow on the blaze of kings :
And yet myself have heard him say,

vi

That not in any mother town°
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

vii

Of lustier leaves ; nor more content,
He told me, lives in any crowd,
When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

viii

Imperial halls, or open plain ;
And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX

i

RISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,
 So loud with voices of the birds,
 So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men;

[Cycle III,
Group 2.
See Intro-
duction,
page xxxvii.]

ii

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red
 On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles fast
 By meadows breathing of the past,^o
And woodlands holy^o to the dead;

iii

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
 A song that slights the coming care,
 And Autumn laying here and there^o
A fiery finger on the leaves;

iv

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
 To myriads on the genial earth,
 Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.

v

O wheresoever those may be,
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,^o
 To-day they count as kindred souls;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

C

i

I CLIMB the hill: from end to end^o
 Of all the landscape underneath,
 I find no place that does not breathe^o
Some gracious memory of my friend;

ii

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
 Or low morass and whispering reed,
 Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;

iii

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
 That hears the latest linnet^o trill,
 Nor quarry trench'd along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw;

iv

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock ;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock ;

v

But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day ;
And, leaving° these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

CI

i

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall° sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away° ;

ii

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air ;

iii

Unloved, by many a sandy bar
 The brook shall babble down the plain,
 At noon or when the lesser wain°
Is twisting round the polar star;

iv

Uncared for, gird° the windy grove,
 And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
 Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;

v

Till from the garden and the wild
 A fresh association blow,
 And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger's child;

vi

As year by year the labourer tills
 His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
 And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

CII

i

WE leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky ;
The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of the stranger race.

ii

We go, but ere we go from home,
As down the garden-walks I move,
Two spirits of a diverse love°
Contend for loving masterdom.

iii

One whispers, " Here thy boyhood sung
Long since its matin song,° and heard
The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung.

iv

The other answers, " Yea, but here
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours
With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear."

v

These two have striven half the day,
And each prefers his separate claim,
Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.

vi

I turn to go : my feet are set
To leave the pleasant fields and farms ;
They° mix in one another's arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIII

i

ON that last night before we went
From out the doors where I was bred,
I dream'd a vision° of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.

ii

Methought I dwelt within a hall,°
And maidens° with me : distant hills
From hidden summits° fed with rills
A river° sliding by the wall.

iii

The hall with harp and carol rang.
They sang of what is wise and good
And graceful. In the centre stood
A statue veil'd, to which they sang ;

iv

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,
The shape of him I loved, and love
For ever : then flew in a dove°
And brought a summons from the sea° :

v

And when they learnt that I must go°
They wept and wail'd, but led the way
To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below ;

vi

And on by many a level mead,
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed ;

vii

And still as vaster grew the shore°
And roll'd the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather'd strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;

viii

And I myself, who sat apart°
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,°
The pulses of a Titan's heart°;

ix

As one would sing the death of war,
And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,°
And one the shaping of a star;

x

Until the forward-creeping tides°
Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.

xi

The man we loved was there on deck,
But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck :

xii

Whereat those maidens with one mind
Bewail'd their lot ; I did them wrong :
“ We served thee here,” they said, “ so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind ? ”

xiii

So rapt° I was, they could not win
An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, “ Enter likewise ye°
And go with us : ” they enter'd in.

xiv

And while the wind began to sweep
A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV

i

[Cycle IV.
See Intro-
duction,
page xxxvii.] THE time draws near the birth of Christ°;
 The moon is hid, the night is still;
 A single church° below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

ii

A single peal of bells below,
 That wakens at this hour of rest
 A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.

iii

Like strangers' voices here they sound,
 In lands where not a memory strays,
 Nor landmark breathes of other days,°
But all is new unhallow'd ground.°

CV

i

TO-NIGHT ungather'd let us leave
 This laurel, let this holly stand:
 We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

ii

Our father's dust is left alone
And silent under other snows :
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.

iii

No more shall wayward grief abuse°
The genial hour with mask and mime ;
For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.°

iv

Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.

v

But let no footstep beat the floor,°
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm ;
For who would keep an ancient form
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more ?

vi

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

vii

Of rising worlds° by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle° rich in good.

CVI

i

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

ii

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.°

iii

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

iv

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

v

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

vi

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

vii

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold°;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.°

viii

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.°

CVII

i

It is the day when he was born,
 A bitter day that early sank
 Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

ii

The time admits not flowers or leaves
 To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
 The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

iii

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
 To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
 Above the wood which grides° and clangs
Its leafless ribs° and iron horns

iv

Together, in the drifts° that pass
 To darken on the rolling brine
 That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass ;

v

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
 To make a solid core of heat ;
 Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by° ;

vi

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
 With books and music, surely we
 Will drink to him, whate'er he be,°
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII

i

I WILL not shut me from my kind,
And, lest I stiffen into stone,
I will not eat my heart° alone,
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

ii

What profit lies in barren faith,°
And vacant yearning, tho' with might
To scale the heaven's highest height,
Or dive below the wells of Death?

iii

What find I in the highest place,°
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?
And on the depths of death there swims
The reflex of a human face.

iv

I'll rather take what fruit may be
Of sorrow under human skies:
'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,°
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.°

CIX

i

HEART-AFFLUENCE in discursive talk°
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye,
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk ;

ii

Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man ;
Impassion'd logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course ;

iii

High nature amorous of the good,
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom ;
And passion pure in snowy bloom
Thro' all the years of April blood ;

iv

A love of freedom rarely felt,
Of freedom in her regal seat
Of England ; not the schoolboy heat,
The blind hysterics of the Celt° ;

v

And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face;

vi

All these have been, and thee mine eyes
Have look'd on: if they look'd in vain,
My shame is greater who remain,
Nor let° thy wisdom make me wise.

CX

i

THY converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe° and riper years:
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

ii

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of pride,
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.

iii

The stern were mild when thou wert by,^o
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften'd and he knew not why ;

iv

While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;
And loved them^o more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art ;

v

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CXI

i

THE churl in spirit, up or down
Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,
To him who grasps a golden ball,^o
By blood a king, at heart a clown ;

ii

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil
His want in forms for fashion's sake,
Will let his coltish^o nature break
At seasons thro' the gilded pale :

iii

For who can always act ? but he,
To whom a thousand memories call,
Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

iv

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind ;

v

Nor ever narrowness or spite,
Or villain^o fancy fleeting by,
Drew in^o the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light^o ;

vi

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.

CXII

i

HIGH wisdom° holds my wisdom less,
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,°
Set light by narrower perfectness.°

ii

But thou, that fillest all the room
Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

iii

For what wert thou? some novel power
Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour,

iv

Large elements in order brought,
And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.°

CXIII

i

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise°;
Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise;

ii

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen
In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil —
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been :

iii

A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,°
A pillar steadfast in the storm,°

iv

Should licensed boldness gather force,
 Becoming, when the time has birth,
 A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course,

v

With thousand shocks that come and go,^o
 With agonies, with energies,
 With overthrowings, and with cries,
And undulations to and fro.

CXIV

i

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
 Against her beauty? May she mix
 With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars^o? Let her work prevail.

ii

But on her forehead sits a fire:
 She sets her forward countenance
 And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

iii

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain —
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas^o from the brain

iv

Of Demons ? fiery-hot to burst^o
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place ;
She is the second, not the first.

v

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain ; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child :

vi

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

vii

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXV

i

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons° every maze of quick°
About the flowering squares,° and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

ii

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.°

iii

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea ;

iv

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greenening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood ; that live their lives

v

From land to land ; and in my breast
Spring wakens too ; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

CXVI

i

Is it, then, regret° for buried time
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,
And meets the year, and gives and takes
The colours of the crescent prime° ?

ii

Not all : the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair.

iii

Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

iv

Yet less of sorrow lives in me
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.

CXVII

i

O DAYS and hours, your work is this
To hold me from my proper place,
A little while from his embrace,
For fuller gain of after bliss:

ii

That out of distance might ensue
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;
And unto meeting when we meet,
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

iii

For every grain of sand that runs,^o
And every span of shade that steals,
And every kiss of toothed^o wheels,
And all the courses of the suns.

CXVIII

i

CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,
The giant labouring in his youth;
Nor dream of human love and truth,
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

ii

But trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. They say,
The solid earth whereon we tread

iii

In tracts of fluent heat began,^o
And grew to seeming-random forms,
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;

iv

Who throve and branch'd from clime to clime,
The herald of a higher race,^o
And of himself in higher place,^o
If so he type this work of time

v

Within himself, from more to more^o;
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,^o

vi

But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

vii

To shape and use. Arise and fly^o
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX

i

Doors, where my heart was used to beat°
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more ; the city sleeps ;
I smell the meadow in the street ;

ii

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,°
And think of early days and thee,

iii

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
And bright the friendship of thine eye ;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.°

CXX

i

I TRUST I have not wasted breath° :
I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries° ; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death°

ii

Not only cunning casts in clay :
Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me ? I would not stay.

iii

Let him, the wiser man who springs°
Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things.

CXXI

i

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun
And ready, thou, to die with him,
Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done :

ii

The team is loosen'd from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore ;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken'd in the brain.

iii

Bright Phosphor,^o fresher for the night,
By thee the world's great work is heard
Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;
Behind thee comes the greater light :

iv

The market boat is on the stream,
And voices hail it from the brink ;
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,
And see'st the moving of the team.

v

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name^o
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed ; thou art the same.

CXXII

i

OH, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
While I rose up against my doom,^o
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again,

ii

To feel once more, in placid awe,
The strong imagination roll
A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion one with law ;

iii

If thou wert with me, and the grave
Divide us not, be with me now,
And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

iv

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,
And like an inconsiderate boy,
As in the former flash of joy,^o
I slip the thoughts of life and death ;

v

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
And every dew-drop paints a bow,^o
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII

i

THERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.

O earth, what changes hast thou seen !

There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

ii

The hills are shadows, and they flow°

From form to form, and nothing stands ;

They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

iii

But in my spirit will I dwell,°

And dream my dream, and hold it true ;

For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV

i

THAT which we dare invoke to bless°;

Our dearest faith ; our ghastliest doubt ;

He, They, One, All ; within, without ;
The Power in darkness whom we guess° ;

ii

I found Him not in world or sun,^o
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs^o we have spun :

iii

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

iv

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."^o

v

No, like a child in doubt and fear^o :
But that blind clamour^o made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near ;

vi

And what I am beheld again
What is,^o and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands^o
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

CXXV

i

WHATEVER I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,^o
Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live
A contradiction on the tongue,

ii

Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,^o
Because he felt so fix'd in truth:

iii

And if the song were full of care,
He^o breathed the spirit of the song;
And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal^o signet there;

iv

Abiding with me till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI

i

Love is and was my Lord and King,^o
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

ii

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

iii

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.^o

CXXVII

i

AND all is well, tho' faith and form
Be sunder'd in the night of fear ;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm,

ii

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
And justice, ev'n tho' thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine°
Should pile her barricades with dead.

iii

But ill for him that wears a crown,°
And him, the lazar, in his rags :
They tremble, the sustaining crags ;
The spires of ice are toppled down,

iv

And molten up, and roar in flood ;
The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,

v

And compass'd by the fires of Hell ;
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,^o
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII

i

THE love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.

ii

No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned^o races may degrade ;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,

iii

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new ;
If this were all your mission here,

iv

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
 To fool the crowd with glorious lies,^o
 To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,

v

To shift an arbitrary power,
 To cramp the student at his desk,
 To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

vi

Why then my scorn might well descend
 On you and yours. I see in part^o
 That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end.

CXXIX

i

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
 So far, so near in woe and weal^o ;
 O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher ;

ii

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;

iii

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood° ;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.°

CXXX

i

THY voice is on the rolling air° ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

ii

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less :

iii

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,°
I seem to love thee more and more.

iv

Far off thou art, but ever nigh°;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

CXXXI

i

O LIVING will° that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock,
Rise in the spiritual rock,°
Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

ii

That we may lift from out of dust°
A voice as unto him that hears,
A cry above the conquer'd years°
To one that with us works,° and trust,

iii

With faith that comes of self-control,^o
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

i

O TRUE and tried, so well and long,^o
Demand not thou a marriage lay^o;
In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.

ii

Nor have I felt so much of bliss
Since first he told me that he loved
A daughter of our house; nor proved
Since that dark day^o a day like this;

iii

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er
Some thrice three years: they went and came,
Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more;

iv

No longer caring to embalm
 In dying songs a dead regret,
 But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.

v

Regret is dead,° but love is more
 Than in the summers that are flown,
 For I myself with these have grown°
To something greater than before;

vi

Which makes appear the songs I made
 As echoes out of weaker times,
 As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.

vii

But where is she, the bridal flower,
 That must be made a wife ere noon?
 She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower;

viii

On me she bends her blissful eyes
And then on thee ; they meet thy look
And brighten like the star that shook °
Betwixt the palms of paradise.

ix

O when her life was yet in bud,
He too foretold the perfect rose.
For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.

x

And thou art worthy ; full of power ;
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,
Consistent ; wearing all that weight °
Of learning lightly like a flower.

xi

But now set out : the noon is near,
And I must give away the bride ;
She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.

xii

For I that danced her on my knee,^o
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,
That shielded all her life from harm
At last must part with her to thee ;

xiii

Now waiting to be made a wife,
Her feet, my darling, on the dead^o;
Their pensive tablets^o round her head,
And the most living words of life

xiv

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
The " wilt thou " answer'd, and again
The " wilt thou " ask'd, till 'out of twain
Her sweet " I will " has made you one.

xv

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn ;
The names are sign'd, and overhead

xvi

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze ;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

xvii

O happy hour, and happier hours
Await them. Many a merry face
Salutes them — maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.

xviii

O happy hour, behold the bride
With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.

xix

To-day the grave is bright for me,
For them the light of life increased,
Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

xx

Let all my genial spirits advance
 To meet and greet a whiter sun;
 My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.

xxi

It circles round, and fancy plays,
 And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,
 As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.

xxii

Nor count me all to blame if I
 Conjecture of a stiller guest,^o
 Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

xxiii

But they must go, the time draws on,
 And those white-favour'd horses wait;
 They rise, but linger; it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

xxiv

A shade falls on us like the dark
 From little cloudlets on the grass,
 But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,

xxv

Discussing how their courtship grew,
 And talk of others that are wed,
 And how she look'd, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew.

xxvi

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
 The shade of passing thought, the wealth
 Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

xxvii

And last the dance ; — till I retire :
 Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
 And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire°:

xxviii

And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
Till over down and over dale
All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,

xxix

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
And catch at every mountain head,
And o'er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

xxx

And touch with shade the bridal doors;
With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
And breaking let the splendour fall°
To spangle all the happy shores

xxxix

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
And, star and system rolling past,
A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,

xxxii

And, moved thro' life of lower phase,
Result in man, be born and think,
And act and love, a closer link°
Betwixt us and the crowning race°

xxxiii

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book°;

xxxiv

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

xxxv

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,°

xxxvi

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,^o
To which the whole creation moves.

NOTES

N. B. Cf. is used with reference to passages to be examined together, whether for likeness, unlikeness, connection of part with part, or for some other reason; B., C., G., P., R., refer respectively to the works of Bradley, Collins, Genung, Parsons, and Rolfe, mentioned in the Bibliography; and H. T. refers to the Annotated Edition of the Poem, edited by Hallam Tennyson.

PROLOGUE. Heading. *Obiit* (Lat.) : died.

i. 1. immortal Love. Cf.

“Immortal Love, Author of this great frame.”

—GEORGE HERBERT, *Love*. (B.)

Tennyson said that he used “Love” in the same sense as in 1 *John* iv. — *Memoir*, I. 312 n. There is in this prologue a very exquisite blending of the idea of love as in the Biblical quotation “God is love” and Tennyson’s own love for Hallam.

i. 2. Cf. 1 *Peter* i. 8.

3-4. Cf.

“Yet for the general purposes of faith
In Providence, for solace and support,
We may not doubt that who can best subject
The will to reason’s law, can strictliest live
And act in that obedience, he shall gain
The clearest apprehension of those truths
Which unassisted reason’s utmost power
Is too infirm to reach.”

—WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, V. 515-522.

"For nothing worthy proving can be proven,
Nor yet disproven; wherefore thou be wise,
Cleave ever to the sunnier side of doubt,
And cling to faith beyond the forms of faith."

— TENNYSON, *The Ancient Sage*.

4. Cf. LIV. iv. 1-2; LV. v.; CXXXI. iii. 1-2.

ii. 1. **these orbs of light and shade**: "Sun and Moon" (H. T.); but the poet probably meant something more than this, possibly the solar system, each planet being half illuminated by the sun, and half in darkness. Moreover, as B. points out, he quite possibly uses *light* and *shade* as symbols respectively of *life* and *death*.

2-4, iii. 2-4. Cf. *John* i. 3.

3-4.

. . . thy foot

Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Squires explains this passage thus: "An old legend states that Christ's cross was planted in Adam's grave; and many early painters put a skull at the foot of the cross. (Compare *Mark* xv. 22.) This thought may have suggested the figure." Parsons has the same explanation. It seems likely, however, that *skull* is here the usual symbol of *death*, and that the foot upon the skull indicates that death is subject to Divine Power. Among many scriptural references, Cf. *1 Cor.* xv. 26.

iii. 1. Cf. CXXXI. ii. 1-2.

3. Cf. XXXIV. i. 1-2; LVI. iii-vi; also

"I feel my immortality o'ersweep
All pain, all tears, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into my ears this truth — 'Thou liv'st forever!'"

— BYRON, *Heaven and Earth*, Pt. I. Sc. i.

iv. 4. Thus, in the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done," we merge our will in God's.

v. 1-2. Cf.

"If tired with systems, each in its degree
Substantial, and all crumbling in their turn,
Let him build systems of his own, and smile
At the fond work, demolished with a touch."

— WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, IV. 603-606.

vi. 1. Cf. LIV. iv. 1-2; CXXXI. iii. 2.

1-2. Cf. *Romans* viii. 24; *Hebrews* xi. 1.

vii-viii. Cf. XXXIII. i. 1-2; XCVI. iv-v.

vii. 1. Cf. XLIV. i. 2; CXVIII. v. 1.

4. as before: *i.e.* when faith in God was stronger.

viii. 1. Cf. LXI. ii. 2.

ix, x, xi, He asks forgiveness for what he considers a crime.
Cf. V. i. 1-2; XLVIII. iii. 3-4; LXXXV. xvi. 1-2.

ix. 3-4. The meaning is that one man may have merit in the eyes of another man, but not in the eyes of God. Cf. *Psalms* xvi. 2-3; cxliii. 2.

x. 3. Cf. *Epil.* xxxv. 4.

3-4. Cf. CXXX. iii. 3-4.

xi. 2. Confused wailings of a man whose youth has accomplished nothing.

4. Cf. CIX. vi. 4.

I. Grief, sanctified by Love, may be transmuted into a good.

i. 1. I held it truth. Cf. I hold it true, XXVII. iv. 1; him who sings: Tennyson wrote in 1891, relative to this passage: "I

believe I alluded to Goethe. Among his last words were these : ' Von Aenderungen zu höheren Aenderungen,' ' from changes to higher changes.' " — *Memoir*, II. 391.

2. **To one clear harp in divers tones.** Professor Sidgwick explains this by relating a conversation in which Tennyson placed Goethe " foremost among the moderns as a lyric poet," and added that he was " consummate in so many different styles."

— *Memoir*, II. 391 n.

3-4. Cf. LV. iv. ; also

" Victor from vanquish'd issues at the last,
And overthrower from being overthrown."

— TENNYSON, *Gareth and Lynette*, 1230-1231.

St. Augustine wrote : " De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus, si vitia ipsa calcamus." (" We make for ourselves a ladder of our vices, if we tread upon the vices themselves.")

4. **dead selves** : ". . . neither our vices nor our calamities ; but, rather, our general experiences, which all perish as they happen." (G.)

ii. 4. Cf. LIX. ii. ; CVIII. iv. 3 ; CXIII. i. 1 ; also

" Weep, I'll count the tears,
And each one shall be a bliss
For thee in after years."

— KEATS, *On . . .* (" Think not of it, sweet one, so "), 10-12.

" How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead . . . "

— SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet XXXI*. (P.)

“The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.”

—SHAKESPEARE, *Richard the Third*, IV. iv. 321-324. (B.)

“... the wished day is come at last,
 That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight.”

—SPENSER, *Epithalamion*, 31-33.

iii. 1. He means for Love and Grief to support and strengthen each other.

2. *I.e.* Let the darkness of grief remain unimpaired.

4. **beat the ground.** Cf. LXXXVII. v. 4 ; CV. v. 1. B. cites Milton's *Comus*, 143, and Horace's *pulsanda tellus* ; but perhaps a better citation would be *pelle humum pedibus*, “beat the ground with the feet,” Catullus, *Odes*, LXI, 14.

iv. “Yet it is better to bear the misery of extreme grief than that Time should obliterate the sense of loss and deaden the power of Love.” (H. T.)

1. Cf. LXXXV. xvi. 4. As the poet gains control of his grief, the victor Hours become the conquer'd years. See CXXXI. ii. 3.

3. Cf. XXVII. iv. 3 ; LXXXV. i. 3.

II. The gloomy, long-lived, evergreen yew tree, common in English cemeteries, is a fitting symbol of his lasting and unvarying grief. Brand's *Popular Antiquities* contains an interesting article upon the yew in graveyards.

i. “How much does the music, nay, the impressiveness, of this stanza depend upon *consonance* ! The great booming O with

which it opens is repeated in the last word of the first, and also of the last line. The cruel word 'graspest' is repeated in part in the harsh word 'stones.' Three lines, and six words in all, begin with the soft *th*: 'name' is echoed by 'net,' 'underlying' by 'dreamless'; the *r* of 'roots' is heard again in 'wrapt,' the *b* in 'fibres,' in 'about,' and 'bones.'" — FREDERIC HARRISON.

i. 1. Cf. XXXIX. i. 4.

3. Cf. XXXIX. ii. 1.

ii. 4. the little lives of men. Cf. "life's mere minute" — Browning, *A Death in the Desert*, 479; "This little life of mine," — Byron, *Heaven and Earth*, Sc. iii.; "this little throb of life," — Beattie, *The Minstrel*, II. lii.; "life's little day," — Gray, *Ode on the Spring*, 36; "Some spin away their little lives," — Gray, *Seeds of poetry and rhyme*, 39.

iv. 4. grow incorporate into thee. Has the poet here any allusion to classical stories of persons changed into trees?

III. Shall he yield to Sorrow, "a thing so blind," or shall he resist? With this section compare LIX and note.

i. 1. O Sorrow, cruel fellowship. Cf. "sacred fellowship of tears." — LEIGH HUNT, *To the Author of Ion*, ii. 9.

3. O sweet and bitter in a breath. Cf. LXXXVIII. ii. 3-4:

"And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy."

4. What whispers from thy lying lips? Cf. XXXIX. iii. 2:
What whisper'd from her lying lips?

ii. 1. Cf.

"Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky."

— POPE, *Essay on Man*, I. 252.

3-4. Cf. *Romans* viii. 22.

4. **the dying sun.** Modern science teaches that the sun is gradually losing its heat.

iii. 1. **the phantom, Nature.** The meaning is that material Nature is, after all, an unreality.

IV. Grief pervades his sleep, but with morning comes the resolution not to yield.

iii. 3-4. Cf. XX. iii. 4. “. . . the scientific impulse carries him too far when experimental physics are made to furnish a metaphor for unbearable emotion —

‘Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost.’

We have to understand that at a certain low temperature water, if shaken, will expand into ice, and break the vessel that contains it; and so a heart that is benumbed with grief will be rent if it is agitated by a too painful recollection. We may admire the technical skill that has compressed all this into two short lines; but the metaphor is too ingenious, and the effort of seizing the analogy undoubtedly checks our sensibility to the poet's distress.” — LYALL.

iv. 1-2. Cf.

“Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest.”
— WORDSWORTH, *To . . .* (“O dearer far”), 5-6.

V. Perhaps it is sinful to express his grief, yet he will do so to numb his pain.

Cf. VIII. v. 3-vi. 4; XXI; XXXVII. iv.

i. 1-2. Cf. *Prol.* ix. 1; x. 1; XLVIII. iii. 3-4.

ii. Cf. XXXVIII. ii. 3-4; LXXV. i. 2.

iii. Cf.

“But I have that within which passeth show:
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.”

—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, I. ii. 85-86.

1. **weeds**: garments; an old word still surviving in the phrase “widow’s weeds.” The word “weeds,” in the sense “useless plants,” is of a different origin.

3-4. His grief is dimly outlined in his words, as a human form is dimly outlined through its clothes.

VI. The emptiness of words of condolence.

Written, apparently, in 1840 or 1841. (B.) Note that the poet includes the father (ii. 1), the mother (iii. 1), and the young woman (vii), all sorrowing for young and active manhood: thus typifying the universality of grief.

i. Cf.

“. . . whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
‘This must be so.’”

—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, I. ii. 103-106.

ii. 3-4. Cf.

“Nec nox ulla diem neque noctem aurora secuta est,
Quæ non audierit mixtos vagitibus ægris
Ploratus.”

(“Night never succeeded day, nor dawn the night, without hearing lamentations mingled with sorrowful wailings.”)

—LUCRETIVS, *De Rerum Natura*, II. 578-580 (H. T.).

iv. 3-4. The reference is to the burial of sailors at sea in a shroud made of a hammock with a cannon-ball to sink it. This passage has now additional pathos from the fact that the poet's third son, Lionel, afterward died at sea, and was dropped into the "vast and wandering grave," April 20, 1886.

— *Memoir*, II. 323.

vii. Some touches in this and the following stanzas suggest that the picture may have been reflected from Collins's *Ode on Popular Superstitions*, vii, viii.

1-2. Is there any justification for the incongruity of a "dove" with "golden hair"? See LXIV. ii. 4; CVII. iii. 4, and notes.

2. **ranging golden hair.** Perhaps an echo of

"Cui flavam religas comam."

(" . . . for whom thou bindest golden hair.")

— HORACE, *Odes*, I. v.

viii. 4. **a riband or a rose.** Perhaps due to the following, related by Hallam Tennyson: "In consequence of her sudden and terrible grief my aunt Emily was ill for many months, and very slowly recovered. 'We were waiting for her,' writes one of her friends, 'in the drawing-room the first day since her loss that she had been able to meet any one, and she came at last, dressed in deep mourning, a shadow of her former self, but with one white rose in her black hair as her Arthur loved to see her.'"

— *Memoir*, I. 108-109.

xi. 3. **perpetual maidenhood**: a prophecy destined to be falsified, for Miss Emily Tennyson married Captain Jesse, of the Royal Navy. It might, therefore, have been better art if the poet had

omitted, or, at least, modified this line, and all the more so as the loves of Emily and Hallam formed no essential part of the poem. See also LXXXIV. ii-v.

4. unto me no second friend. Cf.

“But who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image what new friendship cau efface?”

—BYRON, *Epitaph on a Friend*, 23-24.

“O what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?”

—BYRON, *Stanzas* (“One struggle more . . .”).

In LXXXV. xxix. his grief has become less acute.

VII. The poet visits Hallam's former residence, alone, at dawn, but finds no comfort.

i. 1-2. The residence of Hallam, the historian, was 67 Wimpole street. Gatty quotes “a celebrated clerical wit”: “All things come to an end” — a pause — “except Wimpole street”; but a map of London shows the street in question to be quite short.

3-4. Cf. CXIX. i. 1-2.

ii. 1. Cf. XIII. ii. 3; CXIX. iii. 4.

iii. 4. The halting metre of this line may be intended to suggest the unpleasant effect of the surroundings upon the poet's consciousness. For a similarly laboring line, see L. i. 2.

VIII. Just as a lover cherishes a flower fostered by the absent loved one, so he will cherish his “flower of poesy,” which Hallam loved.

i. 4. And learns her gone and far from home. The grammar of this is unusual, but the same form recurs in XCVII. ix. 2; CXXIV. v. 4.

ii. 4. **emptied of delight.** Cf.

“And Lycius’ arms were empty of delight.”

— KEATS, *Lamia*.

v. 3, vi. Cf. V ; XXI ; XXXVII. iv.

IX. Apostrophe to the ship bearing Arthur’s body. A peaceful voyage bespoken.

i. 1. **Italian shore.** As the vessel with Hallam’s body sailed from Trieste, in Austria, the use of this phrase must be regarded as an instance of poetic license.

iii. 1. **runder** : a Latin use of the comparative which is found in other places in this poem.

2. **Phosphor** : the morning star. The word means “bringer of light.” Cf. CXXI. iii. 1, v. 1.

v. 2. **widow’d race.** Cf. XVII. v. 4. See also XL. i. 1 ; LXXXV. xxix. 1.

4. **More than my brothers are to me.** This line, like a recurring phrase in music, appears again in LXXIX. i. 1.

X. The apostrophe continued. It is sweeter to be buried in one’s native earth than “fathom-deep in brine.”

v. 4. **tangle** : the popular name of a kind of seaweed.

XI. The calm of an autumn day, when the year is dying, intensifies the poet’s “calm despair.”

An excellent example of the poetic effect produced by repetition, the repetition of “calm” in many different connections. A similar device is used in L and CI.

Some touches here, “the faded leaf,” “autumn bowers,” “leaves that redden to the fall,” are full of suggestion, leading up to iv. 3-4 and v. 3-4.

i. 4. **The chestnut pattering to the ground.** Cf.

“When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the woods are still.”

— BRYANT, *The Death of the Flowers*, 21.

“Now here, now there, an acorn from its cup
Dislodged, through sere leaves rustled, or at once
To the bare earth dropped with a startling sound.”

— WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude*, 83-85.

iii. 3. **lessening** : in perspective.

4. **the bounding main** : the ocean on the boundary of the scene. Cf. **the bounding sky**, XVII. ii. 2 ; **the bounding hill**, LXXXIX. viii. 2.

iv. 2. Cf. XV. i. 3.

4. Cf. XVI. i. 2.

XII. His spirit leaves his body and goes to meet the ship.

dove (i. 1), **ark** (ii. 2), and **ocean** (iii. 1) take the reader's thought back to the Biblical story of the flood.

ii. 2. **this mortal ark** : the poet's own body ; see stanza v.

3. **A weight of nerves without a mind.** The suggestion is that the body still has the power of feeling and suffering, but not of clear, collected thinking.

Cf. “Non tu corpus eras sine pectore.”

(“Thou wert not a body without a mind.”)

— HORACE, *Epistles*, I. iv. 6.

“Corpus inane animæ.”

(“A body empty of soul.”)

— OVID, *Metamorphoses*, II. 611.

v. 3. **the body**: *i.e.* Tennyson's.

4. **That I have been an hour away**. This line seems to be entirely without value in the working out of the poem.

XIII. His loss is ever new. He longs for the peace Time alone can bring.

i. Cf.

"I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake: — no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away."

— POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, 233-238.

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis from the grave,

But O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

— MILTON, *Sonnet XXIV, On His Deceased Wife*.

ii. 3. Cf. VII. ii. 1; CXIX. iii. 4.

iv. 1. **many years**: in apposition with **Time**.

4. Cf. XIX. iii. 2-4; XLIX.

v. 1. Cf. XLVIII. iv; LXV. ii. 3-4.

XIV. Yet it is so difficult to realize his loss that he would not feel it strange to meet the living Arthur on the quay.

This section is a single sentence. So also are LXIV, LXXXVI, C, CXXIX, and CXXXI.

i. 2-3. Young (*The Merchant*, Strain I, 148-149) rimes *quay* with *survey*: and Byron (*The Curse of Minerva*) rimes it with *away*.

ii. 1. muffled round with woe. Cf.

“A gown of grief my body shall attire.”

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH, “Like hermit poor . . .”

XV. A storm at nightfall has the effect of intensifying his “wild unrest.”

i. 3. Cf. XI. iv. 2.

ii. 1. The waters curl'd. *Curl* is frequently used by the poets in this sense. Cf. LXXIX. iii. 1, and “the curled streams,” — Fletcher, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, I. iii. 29; “the curled waters,” — Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III. ii; and

“ . . the stream boils,

And curls, and works, and swells, ready to sparkle.”

—BEN JONSON, *The Sad Shepherd*, I. ii.

4. The sunbeam strikes along the world. Cf.

“ . . there smote along the hall

A beam of light . . .”

—TENNYSON, *The Holy Grail*, 186-187.

iv. 2. And but for fear it is not so. This is to be connected with iii. 1-3. Miss Chapman explains thus: “He loves the reckless, changeful fury of the elements — or would love it — but for the thought that it may be wrecking Arthur’s ship.”

3. Cf. XVI. i. 2.

v. 4. A looming bastion fring'd with fire. Cf.

“ . . a black cloud marked with streaks of fire.”

—COLERIDGE, *The Destiny of Nations*, 299.

XVI. He is surprised at the confused state of his mind. Cf. IV, LXVI.

i. 1. **What words are these?** Young uses the same phrase: *Night Thoughts*, IX, 2366.

2. **calm despair** takes the thought back to XI. iv. 4; and **wild unrest** connects with XV. iv. 3.

iii. 1-2. Cf.

“I cannot tell my joy, when o’er a lake
Upon a drooping bough with nightshade twined,
I saw two azure halcyons clinging downward
And thinning one bright bunch of amber berries
With quick, long beaks, and in the deep there lay
Those lovely forms imaged as in a sky.”

—SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*, III. iv. 386-391.

“... the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on its border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.”

—ADDISON, *Cato*, I. vi. 88-90.

XVII. The apostrophe to the ship is resumed from IX and X. His blessing will always follow the vessel.

i. 2. **Compell’d thy canvas.** Cf.

“Keel-compelling gale.”

—BYRON, *Childe Harold*, II. xx. 1.

ii. 2. **the bounding sky.** Cf. **the bounding main**, XI. iii. 4; **the bounding hill**, LXXXIX. viii. 2.

iii. 2. **like a line of light.** Note repetition of sound in accented vowels. Cf. XLI. i; XCI. iv. 4.

iv. 3-4. Cf.

"All starry culmination drop
Balm-dews to bathe thy feet."

—TENNYSON, *The Talking Oak*, 267-268.

"By her [Diana, the moon] the virtues of the stars down slide."

—RALEIGH, *The Shepherd's Praise of His Sacred Diana*.

v. 4. widow'd race. Cf. IX. v. 2. See also XL. i. 1; LXXXV. xxix. 1.

XVIII. There is comfort in knowing that his friend sleeps amid familiar scenes.

i. 2-4. Cf.

"... Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring."

—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, V. i. 261-263.

"Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla
Nascentur violæ?"

.(“Now from his tomb and his blessed ashes will not violets be born?”)

—PERSIUS, *Sat.*, I. 39-40. (C.)

There is an interesting archæological note on this conceit in Conington and Nettleship's *Persius*.

iii. 3. whatever loves to weep. A classical touch. In the Greek and Roman dirges, various objects of nature were summoned to join in the lamentation for the departed subject of the mourning.

iv. 2-3. Cf. 2 *Kings* iv. 34.

(B.)

v. 2. Cf. XVI. iv-v.

4. The words that are not heard again. Cf.

“ . . . the sound of a voice that is still.”

— TENNYSON, “Break, break, break.”

XIX. The ebb and the flow of the tide in the Wye symbolize the subsidence and the accession of his grief.

Written at Tintern Abbey. (H. T.)

Note the intensity of suggestion pervading the phraseology. Some noteworthy words in this connection are: “darken’d heart,” “hushes,” “silence,” “hush’d,” “hush’d,” “grief,” “tears,” “sorrow,” “deeper anguish.”

iii. 3. Cf. XX. iii. 4.

4. Cf. XIII. iv. 4; XLIX.

iv. 3. deeper: *i.e.* deeper than the tide.

XX. “The lesser griefs” that touch the servants of a dead master, and the deeper griefs of his children.

iii. 3. But there are other griefs within. Cf.

“A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassioned grief,

Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,

In word, or sigh, or tear — ”

— COLERIDGE, *Dejection, An Ode*, ii. 1-4.

See also the extract from Dryden, below.

4. tears that at their fountain freeze. Cf. IV. iii. 4; XIX. iii. 3; also

“That heavy chill has frozen o’er the fountain of our tears.”

— BYRON, *Stanzas for Music* (“There’s not a joy . . .”) (P.)

"And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying."

— BYRON, *The Devil's Drive*.

"Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow:
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room."

— DRYDEN, *Threnodia Augustalis*, 2-4.

The conceit "a fountain of tears" is Biblical. See *Jer.* ix. 1.

v. 4. How good! how kind! and he is gone. Cf.

"Of him what orphan can complain?
Of him what widow make her moan?
But such as wish him here again,
And miss his goodness now he's gone."

— OTWAY, *The Poet's Complaint*, xvii. 20-24.

XXI. Though blamed for it, the poet sings his grief because he must. Cf. V.; VIII. v. 3-vi; XXXVII. iv.

i. 3-4. A very exquisite expression of the thought that the music of his poetry grows out of his grief.

v. 4. . . . and charms

Her secret from the latest moon. Cf. XCVII. vi. 2; also

" . . . that impious self-esteem
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies."

— BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, I. i. 7-8.

vii. 2. ranged: a favorite word with the poet. Cf. XLIV. iii. 4; XLVI. i. 1; LXXXI. i. 2; LXXXV. vi. 2; XCIII. iii. 1.

XXII. The pleasant companionship of four years, and its sad ending.

i. 1. **path.** Cf. LXVIII. ii. 2.

iii. 4. **There sat the Shadow fear'd of man.** Cf.

“ . . . toward the deep vale
Where Death sits robed in his all-sweeping shadow.”

— BYRON, *Marino Faliero*, II. i.

iv. 4. Observe the suggestively murmuring sound of the line.

XXIII. As the poet wanders on toward death, the happy past appears brighter by contrast.

i. 3. **Alone, alone.** B. cites several examples to illustrate the “pathetic effect” of the repetition, but perhaps the best one has escaped his observation : —

“Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea.”

— COLERIDGE, *The Ancient Mariner*, 232-233.

i. 4-ii. 1. Cf. XXVI. iv. 3.

ii. 1. Death will reveal the truth or the falsity of each creed.

iv. 3-4. Cf.

“ . . . sometimes in happy talk,
Sometimes in silence (also a sort of talk
Where friends are matched . . .) ”

— LEIGH HUNT, *A Heaven upon Earth*, 6-8.

“Ev’n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part.”

— POPE, *Eloisa to Abelard*, 95. (B.)

v. 1. Cf. XXIV. ii. 1.

3-4. Cf.

“ . . . as if Spring
Lodged in their innocent bosoms.”

— WORDSWORTH, *Maternal Grief*, 35-36.

vi. 1-2. The reference is to discussions of Greek philosophy. *Argive* is derived from *Argos*, a prominent city of ancient Greece. Lines 3-4 refer to discussions of Greek poetry, especially pastoral poetry, such as flourished in that part of Greece known as *Arkadia*.

XXIV. Was the past really so happy, or does the imagination only make it seem so?

i. 3-4. These lines refer to spots on the sun. dash'd. Cf. LII. iv. 2; LXXXIII. iii. 3.

ii. 1. Cf. XXIII. v. 1.

iii. 1-2. It is well known that objects seem larger when seen through a haze. With this stanza compare:—

“ ’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.”

— CAMPBELL, *The Pleasures of Hope*, I. 7.

iv. Cf. LXXIV. ii-iii.

XXV. “The past was not perfect, but Love removed all sense of its imperfection.” — BRADLEY.

i. 2. with equal feet. Cf.

“ . . . sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.”

(“ . . . and follows his father with steps not equal.”)

— VIRGIL, *Æneid*, II. 724. (B.)

iii. Cf. LXXXV. xxii.

XXVI. If love could change to indifference, life would be valueless.

iii. 1 2. The poet once said: “To God all is present. He sees present, past, and future as one.” — *Memoir*, I. 322. Cf.

" . . . Doth the Omnipotent
Hear of to-morrows or of yesterdays?
There is to God nor future nor a past:
Throned in his might, all times to him are present:
He hath no lapse, no past, no time to come:
He sees before him one eternal *now*."

—H. KIRKE WHITE, *Time*, 383-388.

iv. 3. Cf. XXIII. i. 4-ii. 1.

4. **my proper scorn**: scorn of myself. A frequent use of "proper" (Latin *proprius*) by the poets. Cf.

"I have been cunning in my overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe."

—BYRON, *Epistle to Augusta*, iii. 8.

XXVII. Man is greater by his capacity to love and to suffer.
Cf. XXXV. v. 2-vi.

i. 2. **noble rage**. "Rage" is frequently used by the poets in the sense of "great elevation of feeling, enthusiasm," etc. Cf.

"Chill penury repressed their noble rage."

—GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, 51.

"How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!"

—YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I. 447.

iv. 1. **I hold it true**. Cf. I held it truth, I. i. 1.

3-4. Cf. I. iv. 3. Collins cites

"'Tis better to have been left than never to have been loved."

—CONGREVE, *The Way of the World*, II. i.

Tennyson repeats these two lines, LXXXV. i. 3-4.

XXVIII. The Christmas bells bring him sorrow touch'd with joy. Sections XXVIII, XXIX, XXX, refer to Somersby.

i. 1-2. Repeated in CIV. i. 1-2.

3. Rawnsley says: "It is the custom in Lincolnshire to ring [Christmas bells] for a month or six weeks before Christmas." With the rime of lines 1 and 4, compare that of XXXI. iv. 1-4, and that of CIV. i. 1-4.

iii. 3-4. Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill to all mankind.

A most effective chiasmus, or reversal of word-order. The sound and the swing of the words quite vividly suggest the swinging chime of the bells themselves. Cf. *Luke* ii. 14.

iv. Cf. XXXIV. iv.

XXIX. The present Christmas Eve is celebrated, without gladness, simply for custom's sake.

ii. 2. the threshold of the night. Tennyson uses the same phrase in *The Voyage*, 18; and Wordsworth has ". . . the threshold of another year" in *Mary, Queen of Scots*, 11.

iii. 3-4. These lines suggest that all humanity, of which the one household is a type, is ruled by custom.

iv. 1. Old sisters of a day gone by: *i.e.* *Use* and *Wont*.

4. They too will die. Cf. CV. iii. 4.

XXX. A "vain pretence of gladness," "a merry song," "a gentler feeling," "tears," thoughts of immortality. Cf. LXXVIII, CV.

i. 2-3. The rime of *hearth* and *earth* recurs in LXXVIII. i. 2-3. In the southern part of the United States *hearth* is often pronounced,

by the uneducated, to rime perfectly with *earth*, and such pronunciation was doubtless once generally accepted. Johnson's Dictionary (American edition, 1818) gives the pronunciation as at present, though the poets, both before that time and afterward, rime *hearth* as in this instance. See Milton, *Vacation Exercise*, 59-60, *Il Penseroso*, 81-82; Shelley, *The Revolt of Islam*, I. xxxix, *Lines Written on Hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*, ii. 2-4; Goldsmith, *The Hermit*, 53-55; Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*, III. xi. 19-20, *Rokeby*, VI. vi. 1-2; Byron, *Childe Harold*, II. xcii. 2-4-5-7.

4. And sadly fell our Christmas-eve. Cf.

And calmly fell our Christmas-eve, LXXVIII. i. 4;

And strangely fell our Christmas-eve, CV. i. 4.

The difference of but a single word in these lines is important as indicating the differences in the poet's mood. The words *sadly*, *calmly*, *strangely*, are the keynotes to the sections in which they occur.

ii. 3-4. Hallam's shade reappears in the *Epilogue*, xxii, but there as a benevolent guest.

iv. The play of the words *sung*, *song*, *sang*, *sang*, in this stanza is very effective, and *sang* chimes in again in vi. 2, as a sort of parting refrain to the melody.

vi, vii. Cf. LXXXII. ii. 2.

vii. 1. *rapt* recurs in LXXXVI. ii. 1; CIII. xiii. 1.

XXXI. The unknown nature of the life after death.

This miracle receives an entirely different treatment at Browning's hands. See his *Epistle Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish, the Arab Physician*.

iv. 1-4. Chaucer also rimes *evaungelist* with *Jhesu Crist*. See his Prologue to the *Tale of Melibæus*, 25-26; and compare XXVIII. i; CIV. i.

2. **The rest remaineth unreveal'd.** Thackeray has a curiously similar passage in a somewhat different connection: "The secret of all secrets, the secret of the other life, and the better world beyond ours, may not this be unrevealed to some?" — *The New-comer*, Vol. II. Ch. 30.

4. **that Evangelist.** Only one of the evangelists relates this miracle. See *John* xi.

XXXII. Mary's great love for Lazarus is superseded by her greater love for Christ. Thrice blessed are all such as she.

i. 1. **prayer: adoration.** So also in iv. 1, and XXXIII. ii. 1. (B.)

ii. 4. **the Life.** Bradley cites *John* xi. 25. Cf. also *John* xiv. 6.

iii. 3-4. See *John* xii. 3.

XXXIII. The sacredness of pure and simple faith.

i. 1-2. Cf. *Prol.* vi-vii; XCVI. iv-vi.

ii. 4. **melodious days.** Cf. **harmonious years**, in XLIV. iii. 1.

XXXIV. Without immortality, life, the universe, God himself would be meaningless.

The *Memoir* (I. 321) quotes the poet as saying: "Hast Thou made all this for naught! Is all this trouble of life worth undergoing if we only end in our own corpse-coffins at last? If you allow a God, and a God allows this strong instinct and universal yearning for another life, surely that is in a measure a presumption of its truth. We cannot give up the mighty hopes that make

us men": and to Bishop Lightfoot he said, "The cardinal point of Christianity is the Life after Death." — *Memoir*, I. 321 n. See also his poems *Vastness* and *Wages*. With this section may be compared: —

"Ay, but to die, and go, alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be."

— BYRON, *Euthanasia*, 29-36.

i. 1-2. Cf. *Prol.* iii. 3; LVI. iii-vi.

iv. Cf. XXVIII. iv.

XXXV. Even love itself, without the hope of immortality, would be but a Satyr's love.

i. 2. **the narrow house**: a common expression among the poets for *grave* or *coffin*. See, for instance, H. Kirke White, *Lines Written in Wilford Churchyard*, 48; William Cullen Bryant, *Thanatopsis*, 12; and the Macpherson-Ossian poems, *Oithona* and *Carric-Thura*.

iii. 2-4. Cf. CXXIII. ii.; also

"From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters,

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean."

— LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*, Pt. II. 10-11.

3. **Æonian.** This word, as well as its primitive, *æon*, were favorites with the poet. They often occur in his conversations as recorded in the *Memoir*. Cf. XCV. xi. 1; CXXVII. iv. 4; and

“Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro’ all the Spheres . . .”

— TENNYSON, *The Ring*, 42-43.

Cf. also his poem, *The Making of Man*, 4.

v. 3-vi. Cf. XXVII.

XXXVI. “The blessing of having Truth incarnated in a life in Christ.” — ROBERTSON.

Hallam Tennyson writes: “When questions were written to him about Christ, he would say to me, ‘Answer for me that I have given my belief in *In Memoriam*’”: and in a footnote he cites this section. — *Memoir*, I. 325.

i. 2. **mystic frame.** Cf. LXXVIII. v. 2.

ii. 3. Cf.

“Fictions in form, but in their substance truths,
Tremendous truths . . .”

— WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, VI. 545-546.

“Example draws where precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales.”

— PRIOR, *The Turtle and Sparrow*, 192-193.

“Nor for the fiction is the work less fine:
Fables have pith and moral discipline.”

— JOHN WEBSTER, *To My Kind Friend, Master Anthony Munday*.

iii. 1. **the Word.** Cf. *John* i. 1.

1-4. Cf.

“Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
And Love is dutiful in thought and deed ;
Through Thee communion with that Love I seek :
The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the creed.”

— WORDSWORTH, *To . . .* (“O dearer far . . .”).

iv. Cf.

“A language lofty to the learned, yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain.”

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IX. 1664-1666.

XXXVII. The poet feels his unworthiness to speak of divine mysteries.

i. 1. **Urania.** Among the Greeks the muse of astronomy, Milton (*Par. Lost*, VII) made her the muse of the loftiest poetry, and Tennyson follows his example.

4. **abler.** Is this the most appropriate adjective ?

ii. 2. **Parnassus :** a mountain in Greece, celebrated as the haunt of Apollo and the muses, and therefore as the home of the arts, especially of music and poetry.

iii. 1. **Melpomene :** among the Greeks the muse of tragedy. Bradley points out that Spenser, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, November, regards her as the muse of elegy ; but Horace had done so long before. See his *Odes*, I. xxiv.

iv. Cf. V ; viii. v. 3-vi. 4 ; XXI.

vi. 3. Perhaps there is a distant allusion here to *Matthew* xxi. 28-30.

4. **darken'd sanctities with song.** Perhaps a reminiscence or unconscious imitation of the language of *Job* xxxviii. 2 : “darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge.”

XXXVIII. All the poet's surroundings have been saddened by Hallam's death, and even his songs have now only "a doubtful gleam of solace."

With XXXVIII compare LXXXIII and CXV.

ii. 3-4. Cf. V. ii; LXXV. i. 2.

iii. Cf.

"And if the blessed know
 Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
 Where haply Milton roves
 With Spenser, hear the enchanted echoes round
 Through farthest heaven resound
 Wise Somers, guardian of their fame below."

— AKENSIDE, *To the Hon. Charles Townshend*, vi. 1.

iii. 2. spirits render'd free. Cf. Thy ransom'd reason, LXI.

i. 2.

3-4. Cf.

" . . . to pay
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here."

— COWPER, *On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture*.

XXXIX. Even the blossoming of the yew "passes into gloom again." For another description of the return of spring, see CXV ; but the poet's grief has there greatly subsided. See also Shelley, *Adonais*, xviii-xxi. This section was added in 1872.

i. 3. fruitful cloud and living smoke. "At a particular stage of its flowering, a yew which bears male flowers, if struck, or even if shaken strongly by the wind, will send up the pollen in a cloud

of yellow 'smoke.' " — Bradley. The function of the pollen in plant life is the artistic justification of **fruitful and living**.

i. 4-ii. 1. Cf. II. i.

ii. 2. **golden hour**. Cf. LXXXV. xxvii. 2.

iii. 2. Cf. III. i. 4.

XL. "Death the spirit's bridal-day. But the bride returns to her friends ; not so the spirit." — ROBERTSON.

i. 1. **widow'd**. Cf. IX. v. 2 ; XVII. v. 4 ; LXXXV. xxix. 1.

ii. 4. **Make April of her tender eyes**. Cf.

" . . . you descry
 . . . smiling April in each eye."

— R. W., *On Richard Brome's "Sparagus Garden."*

"Thy beauteous Belvidera, like a wretch
 That's doom'd to banishment, came weeping forth,
 Shining thro' tears, like April-suns in showers,
 That labor to o'ercome the cloud that loads 'em."

— OTWAY, *Venice Preserved*, I. i.

iii. 4. **She enters other realms of love**. The softness of the consonants, together with the repetition of the vowels, make this a very musical line.

iv. 3-4. Cf. *Epil.* xxxii. 3-4 ; also

". . . man,
 . . .
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain."

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I. 73.

vi. 1. Ay me, the difference I discern! Cf.

“But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!”

—WORDSWORTH, “She dwelt among the untrodden ways.”

viii. 1. Cf.

“And now shake hands across the brink
Of that deep grave to which I go.”

—TENNYSON, “My life is full of weary days.”

4. undiscover'd lands. Cf.

“The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns . . .”

—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, III. i. 79–80.

“. . . weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.”

—MARLOWE, *Edward II.* (The younger Mortimer's last words.)

“Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam.”

(“Who now goes, by a shadowy path, to that place whence none
is permitted to return.”)

—CATULLUS, *Odes*, iii.

XLI. Dread that, in the eternal growth after death, he may never overtake the greater Hallam.

i. Note the sound of “long” *i* in this stanza, and compare XVII. iii. 2; XCI. iv. 4.

ii. 1. thou art turn'd to something strange. Cf.

“Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.”

— SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, I. ii. 399-401.

iii. 4. **flash.** Cf. XLIV. ii. 4; XCV. ix. 4.

iv. 4. **forgotten fields.** H. T. says, “I have thought that ‘forgotten fields’ implies ‘not dwelt on, and so disregarded — a creed that is outworn.’” Sir Richard Jebb suggests “God-forgotten,” and Bradley conjectures “forgotten by Heaven.”

v. With this stanza compare

“O dearer far than light and life are dear,
Full oft our human foresight I deplore :
Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear
That friends, by death disjoin’d, may meet no more !
Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,
Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest ;
While all the future, for thy purer soul,
With ‘sober certainties’ of love is blest.”

— WORDSWORTH, “O dearer far . . .”

vi. 3. **the secular to-be.** Cf. *The secular abyss to come*, LXXVI. ii. 2.

4. **a life behind.** Cf.

“In the gray distance, half a life away.”

— TENNYSON, *The Last Tournament*, 635.

XLII. But perhaps Hallam will train him there “to riper growth.”

i. 2. **still : always.** So often in the earlier poets.

XLIII. If death be but a sleep, love will endure through it.

i. Cf.

“ . . . what is this ‘sleep’ which seems
To bound all? Can there be a ‘waking’ point
Of crowning life? . . . ”

—BROWNING, *Pauline*, 812-814.

i. 1. **If Sleep and Death be truly one.** Cf. **Sleep, Death’s twin-brother**, LXVIII. 1. 2-3, and note. The likening of death to sleep is Biblical. See *Psalms* xiii. 3.

3. **intervital**, literally, “between lives”; *i.e.* between this life and the next.

iii. 2. **that still garden of the souls.** Perhaps suggested by the Greek idea of Paradise: *παράδεισος*, *pleasure ground, garden*.

iv. Cf.

“Edmund, we did not err!
Our best affections here
They are not like the toys of infancy,
The Soul outgrows them not!
We do not cast them off!
O, if it could be so,
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!”

—SOUTHEY, *The Dead Friend*.

XLIV. “Is the life beyond merely oblivion mixed up with gleams of recollection, as here?” — ROBERTSON.

i. 2. **more and more.** Cf. *Prol.* vii. 1; CXVIII. v. 1.

ii. 4. **flash.** Cf. XLI. iii. 4; XCV. ix. 4.

iii. 1. **harmonious years.** Cf. *melodious days*, XXXIII. ii. 4.

3-4. Cf.

“If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine.”

—TENNYSON, *On the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, vi. 59-60.

iii. 4. **ranging.** Cf. LXXXV. vi. 2 ; XCIH. iii. 1.

iv. 2. **resolve the doubt.** Cf. LXVIII. iii. 4.

3. **My guardian angel.** See *Matthew* xviii. 10.

XLV. The experience and development of this life are not lost beyond the grave. This section and the next two give a complete epitome of existence, from birth and infancy, through life, and into the world to come.

iii-iv. The meaning is that during this life man becomes an individual separate and distinct from all others, and that this individuality persists beyond the grave.

iii. 1. Cf. *Epil.* xxxii. 2.

iv. 1. **blood and breath.** Cf.

“This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath.”

—SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, IV. ii. 246. (B.)

XLVI. Nay, the events of this life will then be more clearly seen.

i. 1. This line is the “absolute” construction.

2. **path.** Cf. LXVIII, ii. 2.

2-3. Our earlier years, with all that they contained of grief or joy, grow dim and indistinct as time passes.

ii. In the after-life we shall see clearly all the events of the present existence — from birth to death — “from marge to marge.”

ii. 3. **from marge to marge.** Cf. iv. 4.

iv. 1. Cf. CXXVI. i. 1.

3. Love, a brooding star. As if Lord of the whole life. (H. T.)
 XLVII. Individuality and identity persist after death.

i. Cf.

“ . . . our freed souls rejoin the universe.”

—BYRON, *Childe Harold*, IV. cli. 9.

“ . . . but the pure spirit shall flow
 Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
 A portion of the eternal . . . ”

—SHELLEY, *Adonais*, xxxviii. 5-7.

iii. 3. hit is perhaps not a very elegant term here.

iv. 2. fade away. Cf. L. iv. 1.

XLVIII. These songs are not intended to settle doubt ; they merely take a “ shade of doubt ” and make it “ vassal unto love.”

ii. 2. Cf. LIX. ii. 3.

4. vassal unto love. Cf. CXXVI. i. 1 ; ii. 1 ; also

“ Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage.”

—SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet XXVI*.

“ So hast thou [*i.e.* Love] often done (ay me, the more!)
 To me thy vassal . . . ”

—SPENSER, *An Hymn in Honour of Love*, 141-142.

iii. 3-4. Cf. *Prol.* ix. 1, x. 1 ; V. i. 1-2.

iv. 3-4. Cf. XIII. v. 1 ; LXV. ii. ; also

“ My thoughts, like swallows, skim the main,
 And bear my spirit back again
 Over the earth, and through the air,
 A wild bird and a wanderer.”

—BYRON, *The Siege of Corinth*, 36-39.

XLIX. But they only lighten up the surface of his sorrow; they do not touch its depths.

With XLIX cf. XIII. iv. 4; XIX. iii. 4.

ii. 4. **To make the sullen surface crisp.** For this use of *crisp*, cf. Tennyson, *We are free*, 10; Byron, *Childe Harold*, IV. liii. 6-7, *Sardanapalus*, I. ii. 6, II. i. 257, IV. i. 12; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV. 237.

L. He asks Arthur to be near him at various times of distress. The insistence of **Be near me** at the beginning of each stanza of this section produces a very fine effect.

i. 2. Note the suggestive metrical accent of this line, and compare VIII. i. 4 and note.

iii. Cf. Blake's poem, *The Fly*.

iii. 1. Cf. LV. v. 1.

2. Cf.

"And he, poor insect of a summer's day."

—H. KIRKE WHITE, *Time*, 154.

iv. 1. **fade away.** Cf. XLVII. iv. 2.

LI. The dead, grown wiser in the after-life, can make allowance for defect in the living.

This section appears to have been written in 1841. See Bradley, page 16.

Cf.

"The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:

And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me."

—BYRON, *Stanzas* ("And thou art dead . . .").

LII. Love makes allowance even for defect of love, from which all other defect proceeds.

iii. 4. Hallam Tennyson (*Memoir*, I. 326) quotes the poet as saying, "I am always amazed when I read the New Testament at the splendour of Christ's purity and holiness, and at his infinite pity."

iv. 2. **dash'd**. Cf. XXIV. i. 4; LXXXIII. iii. 3.

4. **hath sunder'd shell from pearl**: hath separated the good from the evil.

LIII. "Perhaps evil is even sometimes the way to good, though this doctrine may easily lead to evil rather than to good."

ii, iii, iv. Tennyson's explanation of these stanzas is: "There is a passionate heat of nature in a rake sometimes. The nature that yields emotionally may turn out straighter than a prig's. Yet we must not be making excuses, but we must set before us a rule of good for young as for old." (H. T.)

ii. 1. **give**: yield, surrender.

iv. 1. **Hold thou the good**. Cf. 1 *Thess.* v. 21.

2. **divine philosophy**. This phrase is used by Akenside, *Pleasures of Imagination*, II. 63, and by Milton, *Comus*, 476.

LIV. An intuitive but infantile trust that all has a beneficent purpose. Cf. CXXIV.

With this section compare Beattie, *The Minstrel*, I. xlix-l.

i. 2. Cf. iv. 3; LXXXV. xxiii. 3-4; *Epil.* xxxvi. 3.

iv. 1. **Behold, we know not anything**. Cf. *Prol.* vi. 1; CXXXI. iii. 2; also *Job* viii. 9.

1-2. Cf. *Prol.* i. 4; LV. v.; CXXXI. iii. 1-2.

3. Cf. LIV. i. 2; LXXXV. xxiii. 3-4; *Epil.* xxxvi. 3.

v. 2. **An infant crying in the night.** Cf. CXXIV. v. 3 ; also

“ . . . veluti pueri trepidant atque omnia cæcis

In tenebris metuunt, sic nos in luce . . . ”

(“ As children tremble and dread everything in the blind darkness, so we in the light . . . ”)

— LUCRETIVS, *De Rerum Natura*, II. 55-56.

4. **with no language but a cry.** As *infant* literally means *not speaking*, these words are particularly appropriate. Compare CXXIV. v, vi, and note the firmer basis there reached.

LV. As Nature gives no comfort, he gropes blindly, by faith, for truth.

i. 3. **Derives :** originates, springs.

4. Cf. LXXXVII. ix. 4 ; CXI. v. 4.

ii. 3. **So careful of the type.** In a revulsion of feeling the poet contradicts this in the next section.

iv. Cf. I. i. 3-4 ; also

“ . . . gazing, trembling, patiently ascend,

Treading beneath their feet all visible things

As steps, that upward to their Father's throne

Lead gradual . . . ”

— COLERIDGE, *Religious Musings*, 50-53.

“ Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,

Creation's golden steps, to climb to Thee.”

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IX. 590-591.

“ . . . even thy malice serves

To me but as a ladder to mount up

To such a height of happiness, where I shall

Look down with scorn on thee, and on the world.”

— MASSINGER, *The Virgin Martyr*, IV. iii.

v. Cf. *Prol.* i. 4; *LIV.* iv. 1-2; *CXXXI.* iii. 1-2.

v. 1. Cf. *L.* iii. 1.

4. **the larger hope.** Hallam Tennyson (*Memoir*, I. 321-322) explains this: —

“ . . . he means by ‘the larger hope’ that the whole human race would, through, perhaps, endless ages of suffering, be at length purified and saved, even those who now ‘better not with time,’ so that at the end of *The Vision of Sin* we read, ‘God made himself an awful rose of dawn.’ ”

LVI. The destructiveness of Nature offers no hope for man. The only answer to life’s problems is “behind the veil” of death.

With this section compare Young, *Night Thoughts*, VI. 696-711.

i. 1. Cf. *LV.* ii. 3.

2. **Scarped**: two syllables.

2-3. The reference is to fossils of extinct animals and plants found embedded in rocks.

ii. 3. **breath**: the literal meaning of the Latin word *spiritus*.

iii-vi. Cf. *Prol.* iii. 3; *XXXIV.* i.; *CXVIII.*

iv. 4. **ravine**: an obsolete doublet of *râpine*. It is used by Spenser: —

“An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murderous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight.”

— *Faerie Queene*, Bk. I, Canto vii, stanza 44.

vi. 1. **A monster.** Cf.

“Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster . . .”

— *YOUNG, Night Thoughts*, VII. 282-284.

2. Note the antithesis between **discord** and **mellow music** in 4.

Dragons of the prime : monsters of the early ages, known now only by their fossil remains. Cf. i. 2-3 and note.

LVII. Uselessness of "the song of woe," for it is "an earthly song"; but Arthur's passing bell will continue to toll in the poet's ears.

The general air of the first two stanzas, and especially the words "your cheeks are pale," suggest that this section may have been addressed to Emily Tennyson, Hallam's betrothed.

ii. 2. **half my life** : an expression which, with slight variations, has been used by many writers. Cf. LIX. i. 3; also

" . . . my other heart,
And almost my half-self . . ."

— TENNYSON, *The Princess*, I. 55.

"Half of thy heart (*i.e.* thy wife)."

— GRAY, *The Bard*, III. i. 3.

" . . . Half of thee
Is deified before thy death."

— PRIOR, *An Ode Presented to the King*, etc., 159.

"Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half . . ."

— MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV. 488.

"Fernando! oh, thou half myself."

— FORD, *Love's Sacrifice*, I. i.

" . . . Fernando,
My but divided self . . ."

— *Ibid.*, I. i.

" . . . am not I

Part of your blood, part of your soul? "

— *Two Noble Kinsmen*, II. ii. 179.

" Half his own heart " (*i.e.* a bosom friend).

— *Ibid.*, IV. i. 14.

" . . . this lady,

The best part of your life . . . "

— BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Philaster*, I. i. 87.

" I am half yourself. "

— SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*, III. ii. 244.

" I charm you . . .

That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

Why you are heavy . . . "

— SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 274.

" . . . you have lost half your soul. "

— SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, I. i. 87.

" . . . two bodies and one soul. . . . "

— LODGE, *Rosalynde*.

" Halfe of this hart, this sprite, and will,

Di'de in the brest of Astrophill. "

— SPENSER (or Roydon ?), *An Elegie on Sir Philip Sidney*, 77.

" . . . my better half . . . "

— SIDNEY, *Arcadia*.

" . . . O me mihi carior . . .

Pars animæ . . . "

(" O thou part of my soul dearer to me than myself ")

— OVID, *Metamorphoses*, VIII. 406.

" . . . animæ dimidium meæ . . . "

(" half my soul ")

— HORACE, *Odes*, I. iii. 8.

" . . . te meæ . . . partem animæ . . . "

(" thee, part of my soul ")

— *Ibid.*, II. xvii. 5.

3-4. Cf. LXXIV to LXXVI.

iii-iv. The sound of these lines suggests the tolling of a bell.

iv. With this stanza compare CXXIII. iii. 3-4, and observe the great change in tone.

3. **Ave, Ave, Ave.** Tennyson himself cites Catullus, *Odes*, CI. 10.

" . . . in perpetuum frater Ave atque Vale."

(" Hail, brother, and farewell forever.")

This was the usual Roman ceremonial of farewell to the dead.

LVIII. These songs are fruitless, but abiding " a little longer " in his grief, he will sing more nobly of the great mystery.

i. 1. those sad words. See LVII. iv. 3-4.

iii. 1. **The high Muse** : Urania. See XXXVII. i. 1, and note.

3-4. The meaning is : " Dwell upon these thoughts a little longer, until thy spirit becomes purer and stronger, until the mystery of life, death, and immortality is less obscure, and ' thou shalt take a nobler leave ' of thy departed friend than that with which LVII concludes."

LIX. Sorrow, his constant and intimate companion, will so change her nature that she will hardly seem the same in his later songs.

Added in 1851 as a pendant to III (H. T.).

Cf. III, and note. Observe how the poet's attitude toward his grief has modified. In III Sorrow was a "cruel fellowship"; here he pleads with her to live with him in the tender relation of a wife.

i. 1. **O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me.** Cf.

"His [Shakespeare's] cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

—COLLINS, *Ode to Fear*, 70-71.

"These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live."

—MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, 175-176.

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

—MILTON, *L'Allegro*, 151-152.

"Come live with me and be my love."

—MARLOWE, *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*, 1.

ii. Cf. I. ii. 4; CVIII. iv. 3; CXIII. i. 1.

ii. 3. Cf. XLVIII. ii. 2.

LX. He loves Arthur as a village maiden might love one far above her in station. This is the feminine view of an unequal and hopeless love. For the masculine view, see LXII.

LXI. However humble the poet himself is, yet even the greatest soul could not love Arthur more.

i. 1. **state sublime.** Gray uses the same phrase in his *Ode for Music*, 25.

1-4. Cf.

"Speaks heaven's language, and discourseth free
To every order, every hierarchy."

— BEN JONSON, *Underwoods*, C. 71-72.

". . . thou now in Elysian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
Conversest . . ."

— SPENSER, *The Ruines of Time*, 332-336.

2. Thy ransom'd reason. Cf. spirits render'd free, XXXVIII.

iii. 2.

ii, iii. Cf.

"Philisides is dead. O happie sprite,
That now in heav'n with blessed soules doest bide;
Looke down a while from where thou sitst above,
And see how busie shepheards be to endite
Sad songs of grief, their sorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kynd love."

— SPENSER, *A Pastorall Æglogue . . . Sidney*, 135 ff.

ii. 2. slight. Cf. *Prol.*, viii. 1.

iii. 1-2. Cf.

"Florello! lately cast on this rude coast,
A helpless infant, now a heedless child."

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VIII. 246-247.

4. Shakespeare's writings, especially his sonnets, indicate that he understood, appreciated, and felt the nature and power of love.

LXII. But he is unwilling that Arthur, in his high estate, should be embarrassed by his humble love. See note to LX.

- i. 1. an eye that's downward cast. This connects with LXI.
 ii. 1.
 ii. 1. declined : stooped. Bradley and the Century Dictionary cite

“ . . . to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine . . . ”

—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, I. v. 50.

LXIII. Yet Arthur may still love him without embarrassment, as one loves a horse or a hound.

i. 1-2. Cf.

“He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force, Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.”

—TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, 50-51.

“He calls me *dear* Rebecca,” said the maiden to herself, “but it is in the cold and careless tone which ill suits the word. His war-horse, his huntinghound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess.”

—SCOTT, *Ivanhoe*, Chap. XXIX.

“Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
 Than I have been. . . .”

—WEBSTER, *The White Devil*, IV. ii.

“ . . . what need we know
 More than to praise a dog, or horse . . . ”

—BEN JONSON, *Underwoods*, LXII. 70-71.

LXIV. Perhaps Arthur remembers him just as the great of earth sometimes kindly recall the humble friends of their youth.

This section, like XIV, LXXXVI, C, CXXIX, and CXXXI, is grammatically a single sentence.

With the whole section compare Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village*, 83-96.

ii. 4. **grapples with his evil star.** This sort of "mixed figure" is not uncommon in modern poetry. Cf. VI. vii. 1-2; CVII. iii. 4, and notes.

iii. 2. **golden keys:** symbol of national treasureship, or, perhaps, merely of high and important office.

3. Cf. CXIII. iii. 3.

iv. 3. Cf. CXIII. iii. 4.

LXV. It is a happy thought that his love may even be a good influence to Arthur.

i. 3-4. Cf.

"Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment."

— LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*, Pt. II. 55 ff.

ii. Cf. XIII. v. 1; XLVIII. iv.

LXVI. The poet seems "gay among the gay," but "His night of loss is always there." A pathetic picture of his helplessness in his grief by likening him to a man deprived of sight. With this picture compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, III, *Samson Agonistes*, and his sonnets *On His Blindness* and *On His Deceased Wife*.

i. 1. **diseased:** in the old sense, *ill at ease*, common in the Elizabethan period.

iv. 1. **threads.** Cf. **any trifle**, in i.

LXVII. On retiring to rest, he gazes, in fancy, upon Arthur's memorial tablet in the changing moonlight.

Note the softness of tone here, produced by the almost entire absence of harsh consonants.

i. 3. that broad water of the west. The Severn is nine miles wide at Clevedon. — GATTY.

iii. 3. eaves of wearied eyes. Cf.

“Her eyelids dropp'd their silken eaves.”

— TENNYSON, *The Talking Oak*, 209.

LXVIII. An illusion of sleep makes him think that Arthur, living, is troubled.

i. 2-3. Cf. LXXI. i. 1; also

“How wonderful is death —

Death and his brother Sleep!”

— SHELLEY, *Queen Mab*, 1-2.

“... Oh, thou God of Quiet!

Whose reign is o'er seal'd eyelids and soft dreams,

Or deep, deep sleep, so as to be unfathom'd,

Look like thy brother, Death, — so still — so stirless —

For then we are happiest, as it may be, we

Are happiest of all within the realm

Of thy stern, silent, and unawakening twin.”

— BYRON, *Sardanapalus*, IV. i. 3-9.

It is a Greek conceit to make Sleep the twin brother of Death.
Cf.

“Τῆνυ καὶ Θανάτῳ διδυμάουσιν”

(“To Sleep and to Death, twin brothers”)

— HOMER, *Iliad*, XVI. 672, 682. (H. T.)

ii. Cf. XXII. i-ii.

ii. 1. The meaning seems to be: "I walk as ere I walked (though now forlorn) When all our path," etc.

2. Cf. XLVI. i. 2.

iii-iv. While dreaming, he sees "a trouble" upon his friend's face; when he awakes, he perceives that it is his own trouble, which his dream has painted upon Arthur's features.

iii. 4. Cf. XLIV. iv. 2.

LXIX. A dream symbolizing the evolution of comfort out of sorrow.

iii. 1. **I met with scoffs, I met with scorns.** The abruptness of the consonants in this line produces a very excellent sound-effect.

iv. 2. **an angel of the night.** Tennyson explained this to mean, "One of the angels of the night of sorrow, the divine Thing in the gloom." Perhaps it might be more simply interpreted to mean "Divine Comfort."

LXX. He tries to peer through the gloom and visions of night to find Arthur's face. It appears, and quiets his soul.

ii. 3. The metre demands that **palled** be pronounced with two syllables.

iv. 3. **lattice.** Cf.

". . . life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in ethereal day."

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, III. 472-473.

LXXI. A pleasant dream of their tour in France, in the summer of 1830.

See also the poem *In the Valley of Caunteretz*, where there is a direct reference to this tour.

i. 1. Cf. LXVIII. i. 2-3.

ii. 1. credit. Cf. LXXX. iv. 1, and note.

3. Cf. LXXXII. iv. 2; LXXXIV. xii. 3; CXXV. i. 2.

iv. 4. **The breaker breaking on the beach.** There is here something of the same suggestive sound-effect that is found in the opening line of the poem *Break, break, break*.

LXXII. A storm on the first anniversary of Arthur's death brings bitter thoughts again.

Here again there is very noticeable sound-effect.

i. 1. Line repeated, XCIX. i. 1.

3. **blasts that blow the poplar white:** as the lighter-colored under sides of the leaves are turned into view by the wind.

Cf.

"The willows, weeping trees, that, twinkling hoar,
Glanc'd oft upturn'd along the breezy shore."

— WORDSWORTH, *An Evening Walk*, 101-102.

ii. 1. **crown'd estate:** manhood.

v. 4. **cancell'd.** An unusual word in modern poetry; but cf. XCV. xi. 4, and

"... So the Powers who wait
On noble deeds cancell'd a sense misused."

— TENNYSON, *Godiva*, 71-72.

"The world, which cancels Nature's right and wrong,
And casts new wisdom . . ."

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VI. 381-382.

Milton uses the word (*Par. Lost*, VI. 379), and it is found frequently in Shakespeare.

LXXIII. The quenching of Arthur's fame suggests the transitoriness of all earthly renown.

ii. 4. **nothing is that errs from law.** Cf.

" . . . all's love, yet all's law."

—BROWNING, *Saul*, 242.

"Infinite pity, yet also infinite rigor of law; it is so Nature is made; . . ."

—CARLYLE, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, III.

iii. 3-4. Cf.

"At worst I have performed my share of the task:
The rest is God's concern. . . ."

BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, II. 90-91.

iv. 1-2. Cf. LXXV. iii. 1-2.

LXXIV. Arthur's death makes apparent his "kindred with the great of old."

i. "Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Letter to a Friend,' says, with reference to some one recently dead, that 'he lost his own face, and looked like one of his near relations: for he maintained not his proper countenance, but looked like his uncle.' " — GATTY.

ii-iii. Cf. XXIV. iv.

ii. 2. **I see thee what thou art.** Cf.

"I see thee what thou art."

—TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur*, 291.

"I know thee who thou art."

—Mark i. 24; Luke iv. 34.

LXXV. Though not famous upon earth, Arthur is surely gaining renown elsewhere in the universe.

i. 2. Cf. V. ii.; XXXVIII. ii. 3-4.

ii. 4. give : represent.

iii. 1-2. Cf. LXXIII. iv. 1-2.

3. the breeze of song : a tolerably exact translation of Pindar's phrase, *οὐρον ὕμνων*, cited by H. T.

LXXVI. The ephemeral character of modern poetry.

i. The second stanza is made up of an injunction : "Take a position far off in coming time ;" and a result : "You will see that our 'deepest lays' will perish before a yew moulders." The first stanza seems to be of the same form, but the result is not expressed. Perhaps the idea may be rudely presented thus : "Take a position far off in space, and, as you gaze back upon the earth, you will see how insignificant are all its concerns, and especially your 'deepest lays.' "

3-4. Cf.

"To look upon him till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle."

— SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, I. iii. 18-19. (R.)

ii. 2. Cf. XLI. vi. 3.

iii. With this stanza compare

"I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid :

A little cupola, more neat than solemn,

Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid

To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column :

The time must come, when, both alike decay'd,

The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,

Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,

Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth."

— BYRON, *Don Juan*, IV. civ.

1. **matin songs** : the earliest poetry of mankind. See CII. iii. 2, and note.

LXXVII. Yet he will continue to sing, for "to utter love" is "more sweet than praise."

i. 4. **Foreshorten'd** : technical term of the pictorial art. The Century Dictionary cites similar use of it by Samuel Butler and James Russell Lowell.

ii. With the ignoble fate which the poet fears for his verses, compare

"To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!
Hermilda's first and second canto;
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;
And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining—
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in."

—BYRON, *On Lord Thurlow's Poems*.

"I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop,
(Next door to a pastry-cook's ; so that when I
Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy
On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,
As one finds every author in one of those places)."

—BYRON, *The Blues*, 17 ff.

"Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,
Better the roast meat from the fire to save,
Better be twisted into caps for spice,
Than thus be patched and cobbled in one's grave."

—GRAY, *Verses from Shakespeare*, 17-20.

“And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves,
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.”

—POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II. 1. 415 ff.

“And now complete my generous labors lie,
 Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
 Death shall entomb in dust this mouldering frame,
 But never reach the eternal part, my fame.
 When W . . . and G . . ., mighty names, are dead,
 Or but at Chelsea under custards read,
 When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
 And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air,
 High-raised on Fleet Street posts, consign'd to fame,
 This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.”

—GAY, *Trivia*, III, closing lines.

“I'd damn my works to wrap up soap and cheese.”

—PRIOR, *The Seventh Satire of Juvenal Imitated*, 54.

“At Volusi annales . . .

Et laxas scombris sæpe dabunt tunicas.”

(“But the annals of Volusius shall often furnish loose wrappers
 for mackerel.”)

—CATULLUS, *Odes*, XCV. 7-8.

See also Horace, *Epistles*, II. i. 264-270.

iii. 3. **A grief, then changed to something else** : as his grief became softened and chastened by time and reflection.

iv. 2. **all the same** : hardly equal in dignity to Tennyson's usual phraseology.

LXXVIII. A family picture at Somersby rectory on the second Christmas after Hallam's death. This section should be closely compared with XXX and CV, and the tone of incipient and growing resignation should be noted.

i. 2-3. For the rime *hearth* : *earth*, compare XXX. i. 2-3, and note.

4. **calmly**. Cf. XXX. i. 4, and note.

ii. 1. **yule-clog** : the large log of the Christmas fire. For the history of the word *yule*, see Skeat's Etymological Dictionary : *clog* is a dialectal form of *log*. For the Christmas ceremonies here alluded to, see Washington Irving's *Sketch-Book*, and Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

2. **region** : the upper air. Keats uses the word in this sense. See *Hyperion*, I, line 9 from end. So also Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, II. ii. 509, 607 ; and *Sonnet XXXIII*.

iii. 2. **our ancient games**. The following lines show these to be *tableaux vivants* and blindman's buff.

v. 1. **O last regret, regret can die!** Cf. *Epil.* iv. 2 ; v. 1.

2. **mystic frame**. Cf. XXXVI. i. 2.

LXXIX. The difference between a brother and a friend : a brother is like one's self ; a friend furnishes what one lacks. Addressed to his brother, Charles Tennyson Turner.

i. 1. Repeated from IX. v. 4.

4. **To hold . . . in fee** : to hold in complete possession. Cf.

“Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee.” *

— WORDSWORTH, *Sonnet on Venice*.

ii. 2. **moulded . . . in Nature's mint**. Cf.

“ . . . Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.”
—BYRON, *Monody* . . . on *Sheridan*, concluding lines.

iii. 1. the same cold streamlet: the brook at Somersby. For the use of curl'd, see XV. ii. 1, and note.

iv. 2. One lesson from one book. Cf.

“ . . . Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their
letters
Out of the self-same book . . .”

—LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*, 120-122.

“Par ætas, par forma fuit; primasque magistris
Accepere artes, elementa ætatis, ab îdem.”

(“Their age was equal, their beauty was equal, and they received their first lessons, the beginnings suited to their age, from the same teachers.”)

—OVID, *Metamorphoses*, IX. 717-718.

LXXX. It is a comfort to the poet to think of Arthur's grief had their lots been exchanged.

iv. 1. His credit: a commercial term. Hallam's ledger showed a “credit” of the “gain” mentioned in iii. 4; and this “gain,” or “credit,” will be sufficient to set the poet free. Cf. LXXI. ii. 1.

LXXXI. Death, like a sudden frost upon ripening grain, has matured his love for Arthur.

A puzzling section. Bradley's explanation seems the best. He would put an interrogation mark after the first stanza, and he

would explain the second stanza: ("No, I could not have said this, and) Love, therefore, had hope of richer store." "But this," the poet proceeds, "is a painful thought, for it suggests that I have lost the increase of love which would have come if he had lived longer."

LXXXII. His only complaint of Death is that he and Arthur can no longer "hear each other speak."

i. A notable euphemism.

ii. 2. **From state to state.** Cf. XXX. vi-vii; also

"Some draught of Lethe might await
The slipping thro' from state to state."

—TENNYSON, *The Two Voices*. (H. T.)

4. Cf. LXXXIV. ix. 1.

iv. 2. **garners.** Bradley thinks that only Tennyson uses this verb intransitively.

Cf. LXXI. ii. 3; LXXXIV. xii. 3; CXXV. i. 2.

4. Cf. LXXXV. xxi. 4.

LXXXIII. A welcome to the coming spring, which may burst the "frozen bud" of his sorrow. Cf. XXXVIII-XXXIX, CXV. The music of **delaying long, delay**, occurring in i. 2. 4, and then recurring, like an echo, in iv. 1. 2., is very effective; and the sound-effect is enhanced by the occurrence of five additional "long" *a*'s under the metrical accent (**nature, stays, place, April, days**) in the first two stanzas. In these two stanzas there are eight "long" *a*'s in the thirty-two accented syllables; and the reader must feel the effect even though he be unconscious of the cause.

iii. 3. **dash'd.** Cf. XXIV. i. 4; LII. iv. 2.

4. Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire. Cf.

“Laburnums, dropping gold.”

— MRS. HEMANS, *The Palm Tree*.

iv. The longing is realized in CXV. v.

LXXXIV. A vision of Arthur's happy and useful life with Emily Tennyson if he had lived.

i. 1. **contemplate**: accented on the second syllable.

iii. 3-4. **with one Of mine own house**: with Emily Tennyson, to whom Hallam was betrothed. See note to VI. xi. 3.

iv. 3. **Made cypress of her orange flower**. Cf.

“ . . . turned their songs,

Their mirthful marriage songs, to funerals.”

— BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Bonduca*, V. i.

ix. 1. **her earthly robe**: her body. Cf. LXXXII. ii. 4.

xi. 1. **arrive**: use transitively. Cf.

“But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, ‘Help me, Cassius, or I sink.’”

— SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Caesar*, I. ii. 110.

“ . . . those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast.”

— SHAKESPEARE, *3 Henry Sixth*, V. iii. 8.

xii. 3. Cf. LXXI. ii. 3; LXXXII. iv. 2; CXXV. i. 2.

4. **The low beginnings of content**. Note the gradual subsidence of his grief.

LXXXV. Other friendships are possible, even desirable, but he can love no other in quite the same way as he loved Arthur.

This section is addressed to Edmund Law Lushington, Professor of Greek at the University of Glasgow. His marriage with Tennyson's youngest sister, Cecilia, October 10, 1842, is celebrated in the *Epilogue*.

i. 3. Cf. I. iv. 3; XXVII. iv. 3.

ii. 1. O true in word, and tried in deed. Cf. *Epil.* i. 1: O true and tried.

v. 1. an even tenor kept. Cf.

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

— GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, 75–76.

4. God's finger touch'd him, and he slept. Cf.

". . . God's hand beckoned unawares, —
And the sweet, white brow is all of her."

— BROWNING, *Evelyn Hope*, 15–16.

vi–vii. Perhaps these two stanzas are due to suggestion from Homer, *Iliad*, XI; Virgil, *Aeneid*, VI; Dante, *Divina Commedia*. See further, Shelley, *Adonais*, xlviii. 7; Collins, *Ode on the Death of Colonel Ross*, 25–30; Blake, *A War Song*, last stanza.

vi. 1. Collins cites

"Intelligenze, le quali la volgare gente chiama Angeli."
("Intelligences which the common people call angels.")

— DANTE, *Il Convito*, ii. 5.

Cf. also Milton, *Paradise Lost*, V. 407–408, and

"The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
And Angels waighting on th' Almightyes Chayre."

— SPENSER, *The Tears of the Muses*, 509–510.

2. range. Cf. XXI. vii. 2, and note.

viii. 3-4. Cf. xix. 1-3; C. i.

ix. This stanza breaks, and yet does not break, the current of the thought, the suggestion being that Hallam's virtues well up constantly in the poet's mind, provoking the outbreak into apostrophe.

4. crowned : two syllables.

xv. 1-2. Cf. VI. xi. 4, observing the change of tone.

4. The mighty hopes that make us men. Cf.

"The passions that build up our human soul."

— WORDSWORTH, *The Prelude*, 407.

xvi. 4. Cf. I. iv. 1; CXXXI. ii. 3; also

"... a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time."

— WORDSWORTH, *Sonnet to the Lady E. B.*, etc.

"... Friendship ...

Glorious survivor of old Time and Death!"

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II. 533-534.

xxi. 4. Cf. LXXXII. iv. 4.

xxii. 2. the free : spirits freed from the body. Cf. XXXVIII.

iii. 2.

4. painless sympathy with pain. This phrase, taking "sympathy" in its original sense ("suffering with another"), must have produced a very exquisite effect on a finely tuned mind like Tennyson's.

xxiii. 3-4. Cf. LIV. i. 2, iv. 2-3; *Epil.* xxxvi. 3.

xxiv. 1. So hold I commerce with the dead. Cf. XCIII, XCIV, XCV; also

"On thee my thoughts shall dwell, nor Fancy shrink
To hold mysterious converse with thy shade."

— H. K. WHITE, *Elegy* . . . *Death of Mr. Gill*, 19-20.

xxvii. 2. golden hours. Cf. golden hour, XXXIX. ii. 2.

xxix. 1. My heart, tho' widow'd. Cf.

"Denied the endearments of thine eye,
This widow'd heart would break."

— COWPER, *The Doves*, 35-36.

"Oh, come, relieve this widow'd heart,
Oh, quickly come, my pride, my love."

— *Ode* in Mackenzie's *Lounger*, No. 85, Sept. 16, 1786.

"So my forsaken heart, my withered mind, —
Widow of all the joys it once possessed, . . ."

— RALEIGH, *The 21st Book of The Ocean*, 85-86.

xxx. Tennyson offers to Lushington these stanzas just as one might offer an imperfectly developed flower in the autumn.

LXXXVI. A sweet, peaceful evening, after a shower, brings quiet to the poet's heart.

This section was written at Barmouth, probably in 1839. It gives a very exquisite suggestion of the peaceful calm that such a scene would inspire in an artistic soul. Tennyson himself frequently quoted it to illustrate "his sense of the joyous peace in Nature"; and Luce regards it as "the very finest" section of the poem. Like XIV, LXIV, C, CXXIX, and CXXXI, it contains but one sentence.

i. 4. slowly breathing bare The round of space alludes to the gradual dispersal of the clouds.

ii. 3. **horned.** The metre requires two syllables in this word.

4. **fan** and **blow**, with **sigh** (iii. 1), are imperatives, addressed to **ambrosial air** (i. 1).

LXXXVII. A vivid picture of college scenes and associations.

i. 1. **the reverend walls** : of Trinity College, of course.

ii. Cf. LVI. iii. 3-4.

v. 4. Cf. I. iii. 4 ; CV. v. 1.

vi. 1. **a band.** This was "The Apostles." Tennyson said that it was also called "The Water Club," because there was no wine ; and he added : "They used to make speeches. I never did."

viii. 3. See Introduction, p.xxxii, top.

ix. 4. Cf. LV. i. 4 ; CXI. v. 4 ; also

" . . . in their looks divine

The image of their maker shone."

—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV. 291-292.

x. 4. **The bar of Michael Angelo.** It is said that Michael Angelo had a distinct ridge above the eyes. Hallam himself once said to Tennyson : "Alfred, look over my eyes ; surely I have the bar of Michael Angelo." — *Memoir*, I. 38 n.

LXXXVIII. The poet asks the nightingale to explain the intimate connection of grief and joy.

i. 2. **quicks** : hedges of quick (*i.e.* living, growing) shrubs. Cf. CXV. i. 2.

4. **O tell me where the passions meet.** The thought is that the human passions, even such diverse ones as joy and grief, have a common source, differing more and more widely as they proceed farther from the source.

- ii. 2-3. **Thy spirits in the darkening leaf
And in the midmost heart of grief.**

Observe the identical succession of accented vowel sounds.

3-4. Cf.

" . . . 'tis a gentle luxury to weep."

—KEATS, *On the Elgin Marbles*, 6.

"There's bliss in tears."

—MOORE, "Go, let me weep," 1, 9.

" . . . the luxury of woe."

—MOORE, *Anacreontique* (first), 8; in "Little's Poems."

" . . . teach impassioned souls the joy of grief."

—CAMPBELL, *The Pleasures of Hope*, I. 182.

"And though remembrance wake a tear,

There will be joy in grief."

—SOUTHEY, *The Dead Friend*, concluding lines.

" . . . it seemed to bring a joy to my despair."

—WORDSWORTH, *Guilt and Sorrow*, 342.

"Pleasant is the joy of grief."

—OSSIAN, *Carric-Thura*.

"There is a joy in grief when peace dwells in the breast of the sad."

—OSSIAN, *Croma*.

"Sorrow hath its joys."

—REV. CHRISTOPHER HARVEY, *The Passion*, 37.

"I joy in griefe."

—SIDNEY, *A Crown of Dizaines*, etc., 1.

"To well felt griefe plaint is the onely pleasure."

—SIDNEY, *Song of Lamentation*, 51.

iii. 2. **all**: altogether.

3. **the sum of things**: probably the great mystery of divine purpose in the created universe of man and matter.

LXXXIX. The happy family circle at Somersby, with Arthur as a visitor.

i. "This lawn [at Somersby] was overshadowed on one side by wych-elms, and on the other by larch and sycamore trees." — *Memoir*, I. 2. Cf. XCV. xiv. 3.

vi. 4. **Tuscan poets**. Hallam was an earnest student of the Italian language and literature. He was especially fond of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto. — *Memoir*, I. 77. He wrote sonnets in Italian, and had begun to teach the language to Emily Tennyson.

vii. 2-3. **happy sister**. The reference probably is to Emily Tennyson. Hallam thus addresses her, as Parsons points out, in one of his poems: —

"Sometimes I dream thee leaning o'er
The harp I used to love so well."

Hallam Tennyson (*Memoir*, I. 77) says: "The sisters were all very musical, my aunt Mary playing the harp and accompanying the brothers and sisters who sang."

viii. 2. **the bounding hill**. Cf. **the bounding main**, XI. iii. 4; **the bounding sky**, XVII. ii. 2.

x. 2. **still**: always.

xii. 3. **crimson-circled star**: Venus. "In summer twilight she, as evening star, is seen surrounded with the glow of sunset, crimson-circled." — Quoted by Gatty from Spedding's *Bacon*.

4. **her father's grave**. According to the "nebular hypothesis,"

centrifugal force threw off the planets from the mass of the sun, which may, therefore, be poetically considered their "father." The meaning of the passage is "before Venus, the evening star, had sunk into the sea, as the sun had already done."

XC. No change of circumstances could possibly make Arthur unwelcome if he should return to life.

ii-v. Similar touches are found in *The Lotos-Eaters: Choric Song*, vi.

ii. 3-4. Note the repetition of the sound of "long" *i* in the accented vowels. Cf. XVII. iii. 2; XLI. i; XCI. iv. 4.

iv. 3-4. Bradley quotes Sadi's *Gulistan*: "Oh, if the dead man might come again among the members of his race and his kindred, the return of his inheritance would be harder to the heir than the death of his relation."

v. 3. **Confusion worse than death.** This exact phrase is found in the stanza of the *Choric Song* cited above.

vi. 1. **come.** This note is sounded again in XCI. ii. 1, iv. 1, 3.

XCI. He implores Arthur to come back—in spring or in summer—in open day.

This section seems to indicate some tincture of belief in spiritualism. Note, however, the positive expressions to the contrary in XCII and XCIII. Tennyson had given some attention to spiritualism, and it is quite possible that XCII and XCIII were written long after XCI, and with the specific purpose of counteracting the effect of the earlier section, which, however, he did not wish to destroy utterly.

i. 1. **larch**, see note to LXXXIX. i.

2. **rarely**, exquisitely.

4. **Flits by the sea-blue bird of March.** There is an interesting and amusing discussion of this line in Rawnsley, pp. 109-110, the point being that the poet had forgotten what bird he meant, and apparently thought its identity a matter of no moment. He afterward explained that he meant the kingfisher.

iv. 4. **like a finer line in light.** Note repetition of sound in the accented vowels. Cf. XVII. iii. 2 ; XLI. i ; XC. ii. 3-4.

XCII. Yet, should Arthur appear, the poet might think it a hallucination.

ii. 4. Note the suggestive sound of **memory murmuring**.

iii. 4. **phantom-warning** : the **vision** of i. 1.

iv. 1. **They** refers to **prophecies**. The meaning is "The prophecies might not seem thy prophecies."

3-4. Cf.

" . . . As the sun,

Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow."

—COLERIDGE's translation of SCHILLER's *Death of Wallenstein*, V. i.

"And coming events cast their shadows before."

—CAMPBELL, *Lochiel's Warning*, 56.

XCIII. He will not see Arthur again in the flesh ; but they may commune in some mystic way.

With this section compare CXXII.

i. 4. **when claspt in clay.** The **clay** is the living body as the receptacle of the spirit. The word is used in allusion to accounts

of the creation of man in our own and other religions. See *Genesis* ii. 7.

ii. Cf.

“Star to star vibrates light : may soul to soul
Strike thro’ a finer element of her own?
So, — from afar, — touch as at once?”

— TENNYSON, *Aylmer’s Field*, 578-580.

3. **Where all the nerve of sense is numb.** The meaning seems to be that Hallam’s spirit may come to Tennyson’s, and its presence be perceived by some means finer and more delicate than what are ordinarily called senses.

iii. 1. **sightless**: invisible to mortals; **range**: see note to XXI. vii. 2.

In connection with the thoughts of XC to XCIII, it is interesting to read: “My father told me that within a week after his father’s death he slept in the dead man’s bed, earnestly desiring to see his ghost. . . .” — *Memoir*, I. 72.

XCIV. Purity of heart and soundness of mind necessary for communion with the dead.

ii. 3. **Except**: unless.

XCV. After a quietly happy evening on the lawn at Somersby, Arthur’s spirit comes and whirls the poet to “empyrean heights,” where the secret of the universe becomes plain to him; then doubt follows.

This section is “the crown of *In Memoriam*, expressing almost such things as are not given to men to utter.” — LANG, *Alfred Tennyson*, p. 73.

iii. 2. **filmy shapes: night-moths.**

iv. 2-4. Cf. xiii. 2-4.

4. Cf.

“ . . . trees which, reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out.”

— LEIGH HUNT, *The Story of Rimini*, iii. 416-417.

“ Mark yonder oaks! . . .

. they rise
And toss their giant arms amid the skies.”

— BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, II. v. 5-8.

v-ix. Cf.

“ Not to the grave, not to the grave, my Soul,

Follow thy friend beloved!

But in the lonely hour,

But in the evening walk,

Think that he companies thy solitude;

Think that he holds with thee

Mysterious intercourse.”

— SOUTHEY, *The Dead Friend*, iv.

viii. This stanza is amplified in XCVI.

2. **doubts that drive the coward back.** Cf.

“ . . . our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win

By fearing to attempt.”

— SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, I. iv. 77-79.

ix. 4. **flash'd.** Cf. XLI. iii. 4; XLIV. ii. 4. —

x. 3. **that which is.** “ Τὸ ὅν, the Absolute Reality.” (H. T.)

He had reached a point from which he could see and understand

the everlasting truth and purpose of God in the universe. Cf. CXXIV. vi. 1-2.

xi. 3. **my trance.** Tennyson (*Memoir*, I. 320) says: "A kind of waking trance I have frequently had, quite up from boyhood, when I have been all alone. This has generally come upon me thro' repeating my own name two or three times to myself silently, till all at once, as it were out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, the weirdest of the weirdest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction but the only true life." He thought that this might be the state described by St. Paul in the words: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether out of the body I cannot tell." Compare the Prince's "weird seizures." — *The Princess*, I. 14, 81; III. 167-168; IV. 538, etc. Compare also *The Ancient Sage*.

xiii-xvi. A unique picture of the coming of day.

xiii. 2-4. Repeated from iv. 2-4.

xv. 1. **freshlier.** The poets often prefer forms like this. Cf. **keenlier** (CXVI. i. 2), **deeplier**, and **darklier** (CXXIX. iii. 2).

xvi. Suggestive of "the dawn" of the "boundless day" of the after life.

XCVI. Strength of faith comes from fighting doubt.

Compare with XXXIII, and see note to XCV. viii. This section could hardly have been addressed to one of the poet's sisters, as has been suggested, for the *Memoir* (I. 76) says: "All the Tennyson sons and daughters except Frederick . . . had dark eyes and hair." Possibly it was addressed to Miss Sellwood, whom the poet

afterward married, or to his mother. The *Memoir* (I. 18) says that the latter had great affection for animals, and a great pity "for all wounded wings."

i. 4. Cf. *Luke* viii. 12.

ii-v. Cf. CIX. i-ii.

ii. 1. one indeed I knew. This, of course, was Hallam.

iii. 3-4. Cf.

"Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark."

—BROWNING, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, 16-18.

"With me, faith means perpetual unbelief
Kept quiet like the snake 'neath Michael's foot,
Who stands calm just because he feels it writhe."

—BROWNING, *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, 666-668.

iv-v. Cf. *Prol.* vii-viii, XXXIII. i. 1-2.

v. 2 ff. Cf. CXXIV. i. 4.

vi. Cf. *Exodus* xix. 16 ff.; xxxii. 1 ff.

XCVII. "Toward his friend, who now lives 'in vastness and in mystery,' he feels like a wife who has remained in the simple household ways of her maidenhood, while her husband has risen to heights of thought or science which she cannot comprehend." — DAVIDSON.

i. 1. love is here the personification of Tennyson's affection for Hallam.

2-3. The allusion is to the spectre of the Brocken, in the Harz mountains. ". . . the 'spectre' is the observer's shadow thrown on a bank of mist. If the bank is near him, his shadow may appear enormously extended and, so, 'vast.' He sees a halo round its head,

but not round the head of any fellow-observer's shadow." — Quoted by Bradley.

vi. 2. Cf. XXI. v. 3-4; also

" . . . that impious self-esteem
That aims to trace the secret of the skies."

— BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, I. 7-8.

" Proud man, who rules the globe and reads the stars."

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VII. 308.

3. Cf. CXXIX. i. 2; CXXX. iv. 1.

ix. 2-4. Cf. CXXIX. iii. 2.

4. Cf.

" The Bactrian was but a wild childish man,
And could not write nor speak, but only loved."

— BROWNING, *A Death in the Desert*, 649-650.

" But how this is, . . . I know not, and I cannot know;
I ponder, and I cannot ponder; yet I live and love."

— BLAKE, *The Book of Thel*, III. 17-18.

XCVIII. The poet's brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, about to start on his wedding tour, in 1836, will visit Vienna, but the poet will never see that city.

i. 3. I was there with him. The date of their visit was July, 1832.

ii. 1. his latest breath. For this use of latest, cf. the latest linnet, C. iii. 2.

iii. 3. Tennyson never saw the city where Hallam died. " To that city my father would never go," Hallam Tennyson says, " and

he gave me a most emphatic 'no' when I once proposed a tour there with him." — *Memoir*, I. 149.

v. 1. **Gnarr**: growl, snarl. Cf.

"At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre . . ."

— SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I. v. 34.

vi. 1. **mother town**: a translation of the Greek *μητρόπολις*; similarly he writes *mother-city* in *The Princess*, I. 111.

XCIX. The second coming of the anniversary of Arthur's death brings a fresh sense of loss which makes the poet a kindred soul with all that mourn.

With this section compare LXXII, noting the difference of tone.

ii. 3. Cf. LXXXV. viii. 3-4; xix. 1-3; C. i.

4. **holy**: because sanctified by the presence in former days of Hallam and Dr. Tennyson.

iii. 3-4. Cf.

"Where'er his [laughing Autumn's] fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold . . ."

— AKENSIDE, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, I. 290-291.

" . . . the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn."

— *Ibid.*, III. 588-590.

v. 2. **the slumber of the poles**. The word **slumber** is used here perhaps because of the comparative lack of motion of the earth at the poles, perhaps because of the absence of human activity there,

perhaps because of the long periods of darkness (Nature's time for slumber), but more probably from a poetic blending or confusion of all these.

C. As the Tennyson family is about to remove from Somersby, in 1837, the poet surveys the neighborhood, and finds no spot that does not recall his friend.

Like XIV, LXIV, LXXXVI, CXXIX, and CXXXI, this section stands as a single sentence.

i. Cf.

“For as the pleasures of his simple day
Beyond his native valley hardly stray,
Nought round its darling precincts can he find
But brings some past enjoyment to his mind.”

— WORDSWORTH, *Descriptive Sketches*, 514-517.

2-3. Cf. XCIX. ii. 3.

iii. 2. the latest linnet. For this use of latest, cf. his latest breath, XCVIII. ii. 1.

v. 3. leaving is to be connected with I, not with he.

CI. The old home will be neglected till new associations grow up around it.

“ . . . this exquisite poem . . . ” — Bradley.

The repetition and symmetry of form in Unwatch'd . . . Unloved . . . Unloved . . . Unloved . . . Uncared for add much to the strength of this section, full of memories and associations of the home at Somersby.

“ In 1892 I visited the old home, and when I returned, told my father that the trees had grown up, obscuring the view from the

Rectory, and that the house itself looked very desolate. All he answered was, 'Poor little place.'"—*Memoir*, I. 2.

i. The change from **shall** (line 1) to **will** (line 3), followed again by **shall** (iii. 2), is entirely too delicate a matter for analysis or explanation.

4. **This maple burn itself away.** The allusion is to the fiery red appearance of the maple as the leaves change color in the autumn.

iii. 3. **the Lesser Wain:** the constellation *Ursa Minor*. Cf.

“Arthur’s slow wain his course doth roll
In utter darkness round the pole.”

—SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xvii.

iv. 1. **gird.** This word alludes to the harsh sounds of the boughs striking or rubbing against one another. In the form **gride** it occurs again in CVII. iii. 3.

CII. “Two spirits of a diverse love” bind the poet’s affections to his old home.

ii. 3. The *Memoir* (I. 72) says that the reference here is to “the double loss of his father and his friend”; but the explanation which Tennyson furnished to Gatty is: “The first is the love of the native place; the second, the same love enhanced by the memory of the friend.” The rest of the section, taken in connection with C and CI, accords better with the latter interpretation. The “two spirits” mingle into one in the last stanza.

iii. 2. **its matin song** doubtless refers to Tennyson’s part in “Poems by Two Brothers,” published in 1827. The phrase **matin song** occurs also in LXXVI. iii. 1, and in *The Lover’s Tale*, 226.

vi. 3. **They:** the rivals of v. 3.

CIII. Perhaps suggested by the removal from Somersby, a dream comes to the poet of his removal from this life to the Great Beyond, where Arthur awaits him.

i. 3. **I dream'd a vision.** According to "an intimate friend" of the poet, this dream was an actual experience.

ii-iv. These stanzas suggest *The Winter's Tale*, V. iii.

ii. 2. **maidens.** Tennyson says, "They are the Muses, poetry, arts, — all that made life beautiful here, which we hope will pass with us beyond the grave."

3. **hidden summits :** divine sources.

4. **river :** the usual symbol of life.

iv. 3-4. This suggests the Biblical story of the flood.

4. **sea :** the usual symbol of eternity. Cf. *The Passing of Arthur*, *The Holy Grail*, 503 ff., and *Crossing the Bar*.

v. ff. These stanzas recall the scene in *The Passing of Arthur*, 361 ff.

vii. The progress of the age in Tennyson's own time.

viii. Tennyson's own development. Cf. *Epil.* v. 3-4.

3. **Anakim :** a race of giants, "the sons of Anak." See *Numbers* xiii. 22, 28, 33; *Deuteronomy* i. 28; ii. 10, 11, 21; ix. 2.

4. **a Titan's heart.** The Titans were fabulous giants of the Greeks, the children of Uranus (Heaven) and Gæa (Earth).

ix. 3. Cf. CXVIII. iv. 2; *Epil.* xxxii. 4.

x. ff. Cf. CXXV. iv. 1-2.

xiii. 1. **rapt.** See note to XXX. vii. 1.

3-4. The suggestion here is that these maidens (see note to ii. 2) will be useful in the after life.

CIV. This section and the next refer to the new home of the Tennysons at High Beech, Epping Forest. The approach of Christmas in strange surroundings brings no happy memories.

Contrast CIV with XXVIII.

i. 1-4. Note the rime, and compare with XXVIII. i. 1-4.

3. **A single church** : Waltham Abbey church, about two and a half miles from the new home of the Tennysons.

iii. 3. Cf. XCIX. ii. 3 ; C. i. 3.

4. **new unhallow'd ground**. Cf. **woodlands holy to the dead**, XCIX. ii. 4, and note.

CV. Christmas Eve in a strange place breaks old associations, but there is a suggestion of good to come. Cf. XXX, LXXVIII.

iii. 1. **abuse** : misuse, use wrongfully.

4. **Has broke the bond of dying use**. Cf. XXIX. iii-iv.

v. 1. **beat the floor**. Cf. **beat the ground**, I. iii. 4, and note.

vii. 1. **worlds** : stars.

4. **The closing cycle** : the great final period of history, when everything shall be perfect.

CVI. Taking up the suggestion with which the last section closed, the poet adjures the New Year's bells to ring in a new era full of all good.

Cf.

“Put down the passions that make earth Hell !
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy down ! Cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear ;
Down, too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.”

— TENNYSON, *Maud*, X. iii.

ii. 4. One of the bells of the Strasburg cathedral formerly bore an inscription closing with this couplet :—

“Das Bös hinaus, das Gut herein
Zu läuten soll ihr Arbeit seyn.”

(“Her duty shall be to ring out the evil, ring in the good.”)

When the bell was recast, in 1641, the old inscription was replaced by one much less poetical.

vii. 2. *lust of gold*. The phrase occurs also in *The Passing of Arthur*, 295.

4. *the thousand years of peace*. Cf. *Revelation* xx.

viii. 4. Tennyson explained this to refer to the time “when Christianity without bigotry shall triumph, when the controversies of creeds shall have vanished.”

CVII. The poet's mood has so far changed that he can celebrate Arthur's birthday, even though it is cold and stormy, “with festal cheer.”

iii. 3. *grides*. See note to *gird*, CI. iv. 1.

4. *leafless ribs* : another “mixed figure.” Cf. LXIV. ii. 4, and note.

iv. 1. *drifts*. Rolfe thinks Tennyson means *clouds*, Gatty thinks he means *snow*, Bradley *winds* or *drift-winds*, as in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, V. iii. 99. Hallam Tennyson says: “Fine snow, which passes in squalls to fall into the breaker, and darkens before melting in the sea. Cf. *The Progress of Spring*, III.” It is possible that he means a light, tenuous, watery vapor, invisible till it piles up and blackens in the distance.

- v. 4. as he were by. Cf. when thou wert by, CX. iii. 1.
 vi. 3. whate'er he be. Cf. What art thou then? CXXX.
 ii. 1.

CVIII. He will not blindly yield to unreasoning grief, but will strive to gain some "fruit," some good, from sorrow.

- i. 3. I will not eat my heart. Cf.

"But thou must eat thy heart away."

— BYRON, *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*, vi. 9.

- ii. 1. barren faith. Cf. *James* ii. 14, 17, 20.

iii. 1-2. We imagine that angels are formed like human beings, and that they spend their time in singing hymns.

- iv. 3-4. 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise. Cf. I. ii. 4;
 LIX. ii; CXIII. i. 1-2; also

"But grief should be instructor to the wise;
 Sorrow is knowledge . . ."

— BYRON, *Manfred*, I. i. 9-10.

Cf. also *Ecclesiastes* i. 18.

4. Whatever wisdom sleep with thee: although your wisdom is gone out of the world, and is therefore not available to the world.

CIX. He considers Arthur's intellectual and moral character, reaching the conclusion that it is his own shame if he have not drawn wisdom from association with such a man.

- i-ii. Cf. XCVI. ii-v.

iv. 4. The blind hysterics of the Celt. Cf. The red fool-fury of the Seine, CXXVII. ii. 3.

- vi. 4. Nor let: If I do not let. Cf. *Prol.* xi. 4.

CX. Hallam's great influence upon many types of men.

i. 2. **rathe** : early. The word occurs also in *Lancelot and Elaine*, 338 ; in Scott, *Rokeby*, IV. ii. 12 ; Milton, *Lycidas*, 142 ; Sidney, *Nicus and Dorus*, 79.

iii. 1. **when thou wert by**. Cf. **as he were by** ; CVII. v. 4.

iv. 3. **Them** and **they** connect with the following line.

CXI. "He was, in one word, a gentleman, with all that the word implies in manners and morals." — BEECHING.

i. 3. **a golden ball**. The crown and the sceptre of a king are each decorated with a ball of gold. The ornament is said to be of Roman origin. See Century Dictionary, s. vv. *mound*, *orb*.

ii. 3. **coltish**. A rather unpoetic word that was a favorite with Tennyson. Cf. *The Talking Oak*, 121 ; *The Princess*, V. 445 ; *The Coming of Arthur*, 321 ; *Romney's Remorse*, 13. Cf. also

"*Ner*. First there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt indeed. . . ."

— SHAKESPEARE, *The Merchant of Venice*, I. ii. 43-44.

v. 2. **villain** : low, ignoble.

3. **drew in** : contracted, narrowed.

4. Cf. LV. i. 4 ; LXXXVII. ix. 4.

CXII. A character so rich and strong makes others seem weak and insignificant.

i. 1. **High wisdom** is ironical.

3. **glorious insufficiencies** : Hallam's unaccomplished greatness.

4. **Set light by narrower perfectness** : give little attention to those who are more perfect in a smaller way. See next stanza.

iv. 4. **vassal tides that follow'd thought**, as the waters of the sea follow the moon, producing tides.

CXIII. If Hallam had lived, his wisdom would not only have guided Tennyson, but would have been beneficent to a troubled world.

i. 1-2. Cf. I. ii. 4 ; LIX. ii. ; CVIII. iv. 3-4, and notes.

iii. 3. Cf. LXIV. iii. 3.

4. Cf. LXIV. iv. 3.

v. The progress of humanity toward the ideal state is marked with struggles, sufferings, revolutions, etc. Cf. note to CXVIII. v. 4.

CXIV. Mere knowledge is "earthly of the mind," but wisdom is "heavenly of the soul."

With this section compare Akenside, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, II. 78-86.

i. 4. **pillars**. It might easily seem that the allusion here is to the Pillars of Hercules, bounding the geography of the ancient world; but Tennyson's own note refers to *Proverbs* ix. 1: "Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars."

(H. T.)

iii. 4. The allusion is to the birth of Pallas from the head of Zeus.

iv-v. Cf.

"Philosophy and science, and the springs
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,
I have essayed, and in my mind there is
A power to make these subject to itself."

— BYRON, *Manfred*, I. i.

"If that I did not know philosophy
To be of all our vanities the motliest,
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear. . . ."

— *Ibid.*, III. i.

CXV. With the return of spring, full of singing birds and blooming flowers, his regret revives — "buds and blossoms like the rest."

With this section compare XXXVIII and LXXXIII; also Shelley, *Adonais*, stanzas xviii-xxi.

i. 2. **burgeons** : buds; **maze of quick** : quickset tangle in hedges.
Cf. LXXXVIII. i. 2.

3. **squares** : fields.

ii. 4. **The lark becomes a sightless song.** Cf.

"No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery."

— WORDSWORTH, *To the Cuckoo*, 15-16.

"Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight."

— SHELLEY, *To a Skylark*, iv. 5.

"The sacred poets . . .

. . . straight, with inborn vigor, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the choir shalt go
A harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learn'd below."

— DRYDEN, *Ode on Mrs. Anne Killegrew*.

Bradley cites

"Wenn in dem blauen Raum verloren
Hoch über ihn die Lerche singt."

("When lost in the blue space the lark sings high above him.")

— GOETHE, *An die Entfernte*.

CXVI. But there also springs up a hope for a stronger bond with Arthur in the other world.

regret (i. 1) ; Not all (ii. 1) ; Not all regret (iii. 1) form a very effective repetition.

i. 4. **prime** : spring. Cf. Fr. *printemps* ; Ital. *primavera*.

CXVII. Delay will make the reunion a "fuller gain."

iii. Lines 1, 2, 3, 4, refer respectively to the hour-glass, the sundial, the clock, and the motions of the heavenly bodies, all used as measurers of time.

3. **toothed**. The metre demands that this word have two syllables.

CXVIII. The development of human character, from age to age, to fit man for a "higher place."

Cf. LVI. iii-vi.

iii. The allusion is to the "nebular hypothesis" of the origin of the solar system.

iv. 2. Cf. CIII. ix. 3 ; *Epil.* xxxii. 4.

3. **himself in higher place**. These words are, in thought though not in syntax, in apposition with a **higher race**.

v. 1. Cf. *Prol.* vii. 1 ; XLIV. i. 2.

4, to end of section. This is a picture of the development of the individual man by means similar to those described in CXIII.

v. for the development of the race as a mass.

vii. Cf. CXX ; CXXIV. vi. 3-4.

CXIX. Calmly and peacefully he stands before Hallam's old home, musing over "early days and thee." Cf. VII, and note the change of feeling.

i. 1-2. Cf. VII. i. 3-4.

ii. 3. A light-blue lane of early dawn. Cf.

"The owlets through the long blue night
Are shouting to each other still."

— WORDSWORTH, *The Idiot Boy*, 287-288.

iii. 4. Cf. VII. ii. 1; XIII. ii. 3.

CXX. His songs have brought the conviction that man is more than mere mind and matter.

Cf. CXVIII. vii.; CXXIV. vi. 3-4.

i. Cf. XLIII. i.-iii.

i. 3. magnetic mockeries. Cf. electric force, CXXV. iv. 3.

4. Cf. 1 *Corinthians* xv. 32.

iii. The first three lines were spoken ironically against mere materialism, so Gatty informs us, but, quoting Tennyson, "not against evolution." The first edition does not italicize *born* in line 4.

CXXI. Written at Shiplake, February, 1850. A very beautiful simile. Just as the evening star dies, and is renewed in the morning star, ready to gaze upon the renewal of the world's activities, and leading in the greater light of the sun, so the poet passes through the interval between the past and the present, and is prepared to take a larger, clearer view of the great problem of life, with strong hope for the future.

iii. 1; v. 1. Cf. IX. iii. 2.

v. 1. Hesper-Phosphor, double name. Cf.

" . . . revertens,

Hesperie, mutato . . . nomine . . ."

("Thou, Hesperus, returning with an altered name.")

— CATULLUS, *Odes*, lxii. 34-35.

CXXII. "If thou wert with me when I was groping in the gloom, be with me again now, that 'every thought may break out a rose.'"

With this section compare XCIII.

i. 2. **doom** : the loss of his friend.

iv. 3. **the former flash of joy** : his short companionship with Hallam.

v. 2. **every dew-drop paints a bow**. Rainbow colors are seen in the dewdrops glistening in the sun.

CXXIII. Material things change, but the spiritual endures ; he cannot believe that he has lost his friend forever. Cf.

"Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doomed :
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloomed."

— BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, II. i.

Cf. also Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I. 285-300.

ii. A poetic description of the erosion of land by water, etc.

iii. Cf. LVII. iv, observing the hopeless tone of the earlier passage and the hopefulness of the later one.

CXXIV. He has found God not by examining the external, material world, but by studying his own soul.

With CXXIV compare LIV.

i-ii. Cf.

" . . . Thou apart,
Above, beyond ; Oh, tell me, mighty Mind,
Where art thou ? Shall I dive into the deep ?

Call to the sun? Or ask the roaring winds
For their Creator? Shall I question loud
The thunder, if in that the Almighty dwells? "

— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV. 390-395.

i. 4. Cf. XCVI. v. 2.

ii. 1-4. On the other hand compare

" I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not."

— TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur*, 8-10.

How the poet actually found Him in the present instance will be learned in iii ff.

4. petty cobwebs. Cf. "the sophist's rope of cobweb," — BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, I. lvi. 6.

iv. 4. "I have felt." Cf.

" All I can sing is — I feel it! "

— BROWNING, *Natural Magic*, 10.

v.-vi. Cf. LIV. v, and note.

v. 2. blind clamour connects with iii. 2-4.

vi. 2. What is. Cf. XCV. x. 3: that which is, and note.

3-4. Cf. CXVIII. vii.; CXX.

CXXV. The bitterness of his song at times does not mean that he has lost hope or love.

i. 2. Cf. LXXI. ii. 3; LXXXII. iv. 2; LXXXIV. xii. 3.

ii. 3. gracious lies. Cf. glorious lies, CXXVIII. iv. 2; "graceful lying," — BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book*, III. 935; "O splendidly mendacious," — *ibid.*, IX. 832; "excellent false-

hood,"—SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. i. 40; "splendide mendax,"—HORACE, *Odes*, III. xi. 31.

". . . I must now accuse you
Of such a feigned crime as Tasso calls
Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honors."

—WEBSTER, *The Duchess of Malfi*, III. ii. 158 ff.

See Tasso, *Jerusalem Delivered*, II. 22.

iii. 2. **He**: Love (ii. 3).

4. Note **royal**, leading gracefully up to **king** in CXXVI. i. 1, iv. 1-2. Cf. CIII. x ff.

CXXVI. Safety and satisfaction under the dominion of Love. This section is closely connected with the next two.

i. 1. Cf. XLVI. iv. 1; XLVIII. ii. 4, and note; also

"For Love will still be lord of all."

—SCOTT, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,
VI. xi. 4, 8, 12; xii. 4, 8, 12, 16.

i. 1, ii. 1. Note inversion.

iii. 4. **all is well**: the old watchman's cry at night. It is repeated in CXXVII. i. 1 and v. 4, making a very effective echo. Cf.

"God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world."

—BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*, I. 227-228.

CXXVII. He has an abiding faith that "all is well" — even in times of most tremendous catastrophe.

ii. 3. **The red fool-fury of the Seine**. This has been interpreted

to refer to the outbreaks in France in 1830 and 1848, but the reference is probably to the revolution of 1789. Cf. CIX. iv. 4.

iii. 1. ill for him that wears a crown. Cf.

“Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.”

— SHAKESPEARE, *2 Henry IV*, III. i. 31.

v. 2-4. Cf.

“ . . . through the inmost veil of heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.”

— SHELLEY, *Adonais*, lv.

CXXVIII. His strong love for his friend is comrade of his faith in the ultimate destiny of man.

ii. 3. **throned** must be pronounced in two syllables.

iv. 2. Cf. CXXV. ii. 3, and note.

vi. 2-4. Cf. Beattie, *The Minstrel*, I. xlix.

CXXIX. When he dreams the most vivid “dream of good,” Arthur’s personality pervades it all.

This section, like XIV, LXIV, LXXXVI, C, and CXXXI, is a single sentence.

i. 2. Cf. XCVII. vi. 3; CXXX. iv. 1.

iii. 2. Cf. XCVII. ix. 2-4.

4. **And mingle all the world with thee.** This thought leads directly to CXXX, where it is amplified.

CXXX. He perceives Arthur’s “diffusive power” everywhere in nature.

i-iii. Cf. Shelley, *Adonais*, xlii.

iii. 3-4. Cf. *Prosl.* x. 3-4.

iv. 1. Cf. XCVII. vi. 3; CXXIX. i. 2.

CXXXI. A prayer for purity and faith.

This section, like XIV, LXIV, LXXXVI, C, CXXIX, is a single sentence.

i. 1. **living will.** Tennyson's own explanation is

“Free-will, the higher and enduring part of man.”

3. **spiritual rock.** Cf. 1 *Corinthians* x. 4.

ii. 1-2. Cf. *Prol.* iii. 1.

3. **the conquer'd years.** Cf. I. iv. 1, and note; also LXXXV. xvi. 4.

4. Cf. 1 *Corinthians* iii. 9; 2 *Corinthians* vi. 1.

iii. 1-2. Cf. *Prol.* i. 3-4, vi. 1; LIV. iv. 1-2; LV. v.

Epilogue. The *Epilogue* celebrates the marriage of Edmund Law Lushington and Cecilia Tennyson, the poet's youngest sister, October 10, 1842.

i. 1. Cf. LXXXV. ii. 1.

2. **Demand not thou a marriage lay.** We may suppose that as he could not write “a marriage lay” for Hallam and Emily, he had not the heart to write one for Lushington and Cecilia.

ii. 4. **that dark day:** the day of Hallam's death.

v. 1. **Regret is dead.** Cf. LXXVIII. v. 1: O last regret, regret can die!

3-4. Cf. CIII. viii.

viii. 3. **the star that shook.** Cf.

“ . . . concussitque micantia sidera mundus.”

(“ . . . and the firmament shook its glittering stars.”)

—CATULLUS, *Odes*, lxiv. 206.

x. 3-4. **all that weight Of learning.** Rev. G. C. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, in a letter to Hallam Lord Tennyson, says:

“ . . . the Lushington brothers, especially the Professor, ‘Uncle Edmund,’ as I have always heard you term him, seemed as much at home in the language of the Greek dramatists as if it was their native tongue.” — *Memoir*, I. 204. Cf.

“ Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.”

— TENNYSON, *A Dedication* (“Dear, near, and true . . .”)

xii. 1. **danced her on my knee.** “My aunt Cecilia (Mrs. Lushington) narrates how in the winter evenings by the firelight little Alfred would take her on his knee, with Arthur [Tennyson] and Matilda leaning against him on either side, the baby Horatio between his legs; and how he would fascinate this group of young hero-worshippers, who listened open-eared and open-mouthed to legends of knights and heroes.” — *Memoir*, I. 5.

xiii. 2. **Her feet . . . on the dead.** The reference is to graves inside the church, even with the floor, and covered with slabs.

3. **tablets:** commemorative tablets on the wall.

xxii. 2. **a stiller guest:** Hallam’s spirit. Cf. XXX. ii. 4, and note.

xxvii. 4. **a rising fire:** the glow from the moon just about to appear above the horizon.

xxx. 3. Cf.

“The splendour falls on castle walls.”

— TENNYSON, *The Princess*, IV.

xxxii. 3-4. Cf. XL. iv. 3-4, and notes there.

4. Cf. CIII. ix. 3; CXVIII. iv. 2.

xxxiii. 4. **Nature like an open book.** Cf.

"To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself . . ."

— AKENSIDE, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, I. 99-101.

" . . . God, who made the great book of the world."

— WORDSWORTH, *The Brothers*, 267

" . . . in the fair contents of Nature's book
We may the wonders of Thy wisdom read."

— SIR HENRY WOTTON, *Translation of the CIV Psalm*.

" . . . she looks

On Nature's secret there in heaven, as her own books."

— BEN JONSON, *Underwoods*, C. 69-70.

xxxv. 4. Cf. *Prol.* x. 3.

xxxvi. 3-4. Cf. *LIV.* i. 2, iv. 3 ; *LXXXV.* xxiii. 3-4 ; also

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs."

— TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, 138.

" . . . an assured belief

That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power ;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

— WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion*, IV. 12-17.

" . . . Heaven's dread decree . . .

Which bade the series of events extend

Wide through unnumbered worlds, and ages without end."

— BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*, I. xlix.

Cf. also *The Minstrel*, II. xlvii ; Akenside, *The Pleasures of Imagination*, II. 323 ff.

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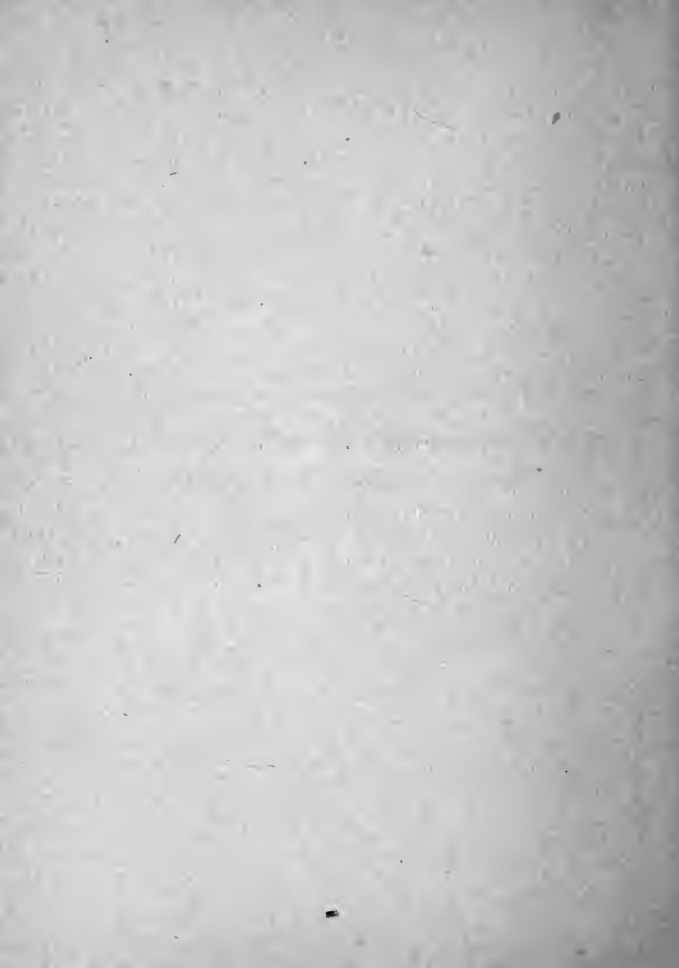
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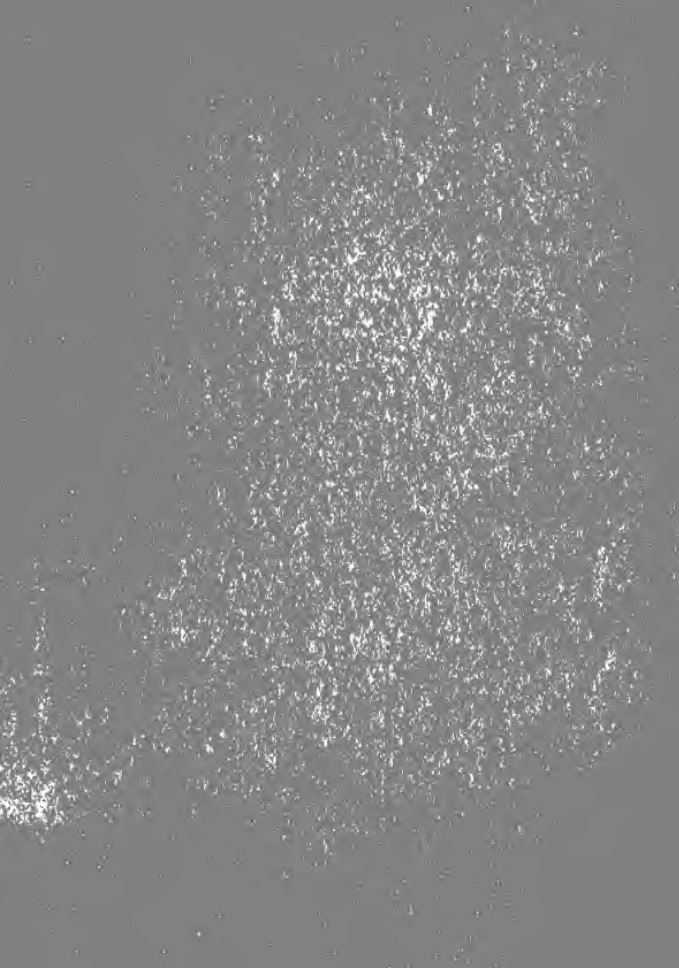
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